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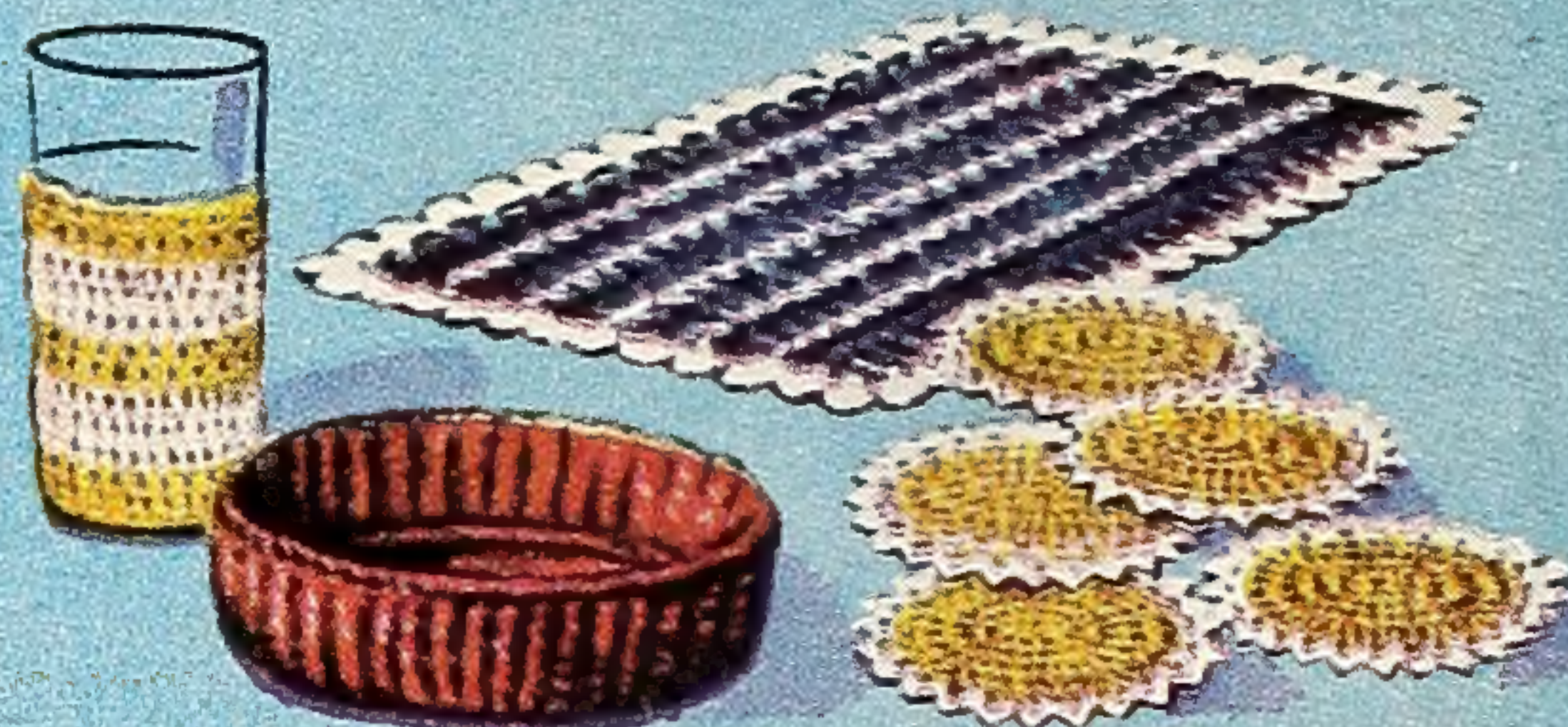
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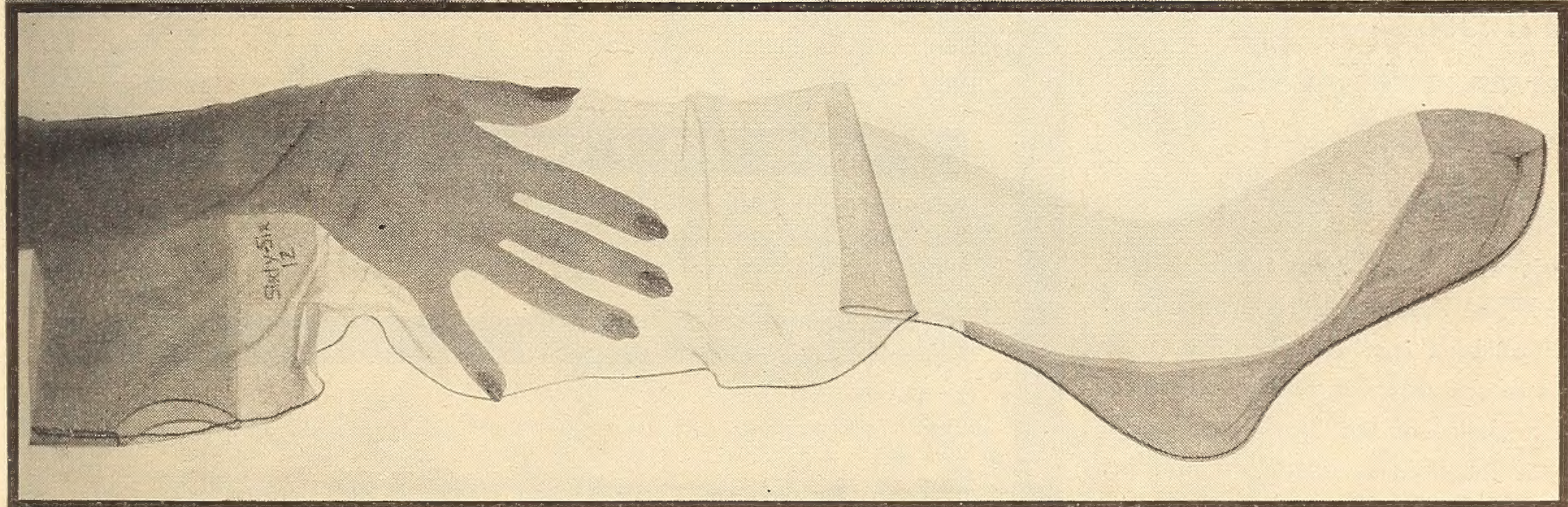
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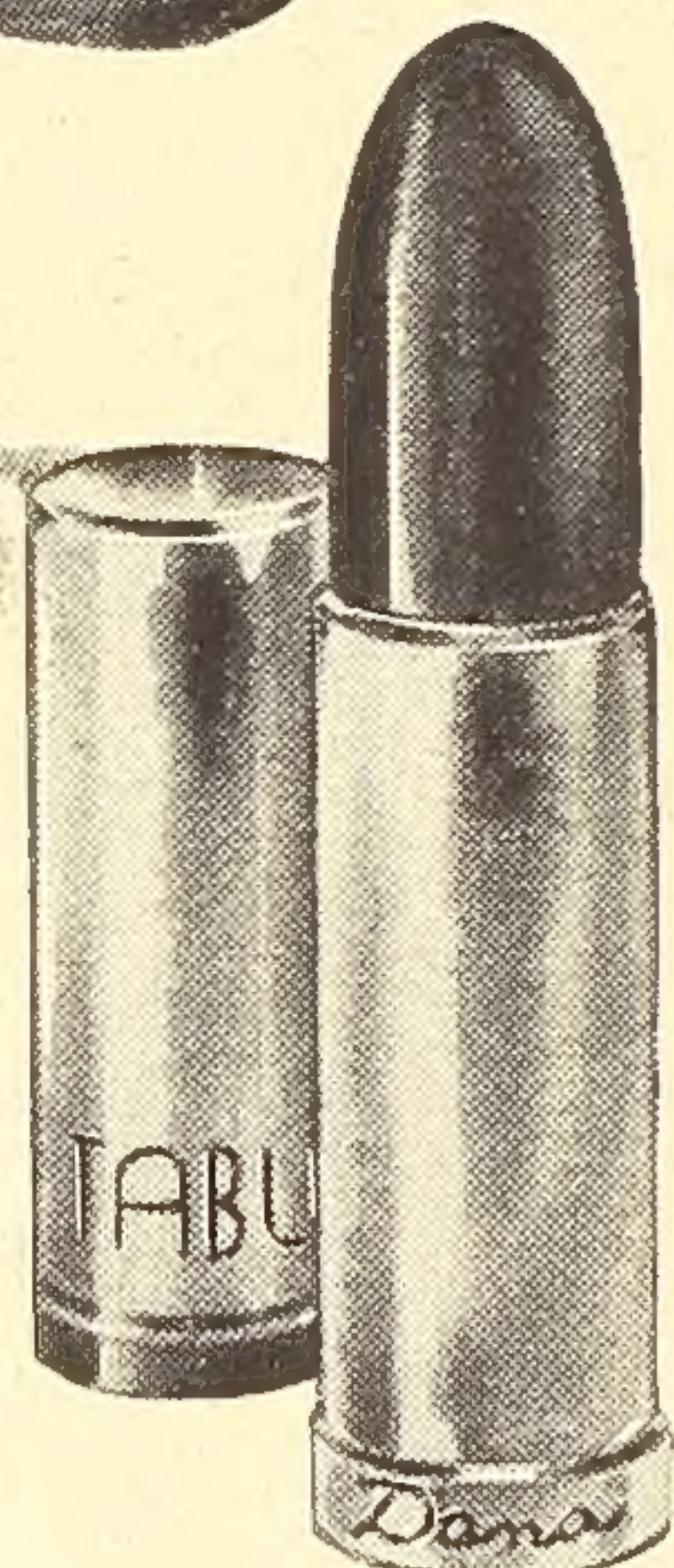
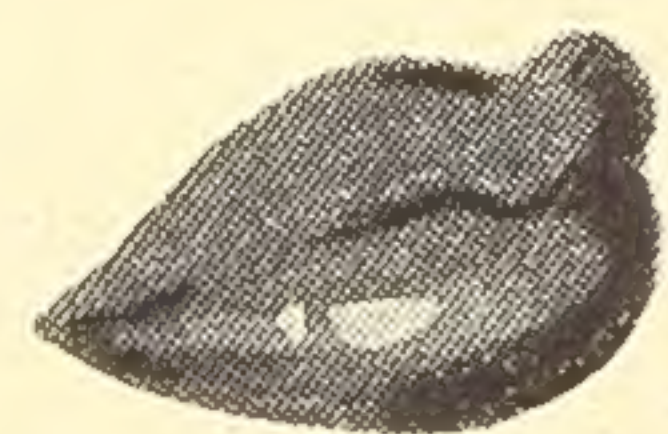


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Volume Fifty-Eight, Number Two

December, 1953

## FIRST RUN FEATURES

- Exclusive Movie Gossip** By Dorothy Kilgallen..... 19  
A new feature by America's best informed columnist
- Scenes They Censor Here And Abroad** By Henry Kaufman..... 24  
You'll understand more about censorship when you read this fascinating story
- Sadie Hayworth** By Michael Sheridan..... 29  
In the hands of Rita Hayworth, Sadie Thompson emerges sexiest role of century
- It Takes More Than Muscles** By Vincent Rogers..... 31  
Masculine Burt Lancaster has a tenderness every woman wants in her man
- Unhappy Lovers** By Tom Carlson..... 33  
What is at the bottom of the rumors about Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger?
- Any Girl Can Be Fascinating** By Ben Maddox..... 35  
Just make the most of your potentialities as Julia Adams has
- Audrey's Search For Love** By Elsie Lee..... 36  
Is Audrey Hepburn on the brink of finding the one thing that means most to her?
- What's Happened To Jeff?** By Jack Holland..... 38  
Much goes on behind the calm, light-hearted surface of Jeff Chandler
- Debra Speaks For Herself!** By Mildred Gibson..... 40  
"It's upsetting to have others give the answers for you," says Debra Paget
- Bad Boy Makes Good** By Al Moritz..... 42  
The non-conformist streak in Garry Moore keeps him a favorite with audiences
- Hollywood On Broadway** By Danton Walker..... 44  
Visiting stars can set even blasé New York back on its heels
- Maggi's Private Wire** By Maggi McNellis..... 46  
Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes in television

## EXCLUSIVE COLOR PHOTOS

- Rita Hayworth and Aldo Ray, starring in "Miss Sadie Thompson"..... 28
- Burt Lancaster, starring in "From Here To Eternity"..... 30
- Jean Simmons, starring in "The Robe"..... 32
- Julia Adams, starring in "Wings Of The Hawk"..... 34

## THE HOLLYWOOD SCENE

- What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About By Lynn Bowers..... 6
- Your Guide To Current Films By Reba and Bonnie Churchill..... 14
- Record Roundup By Jane Pickens..... 51

## FOR FEMMES ONLY

- At The Present Time By Marcia Moore..... 48
- Christmas Close-Ups By Elizabeth Lapham..... 52

On the Cover, Susan Hayward, starring in 20th Century-Fox's  
"Demetrius And The Gladiators"

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## what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

Pacific Ocean and a wave came along, grabbed him by the shoulder and gave him such a shove that the shoulder broke and Rock's in a cast now. U-I's producer, Ross Hunter, arranged to have the picture postponed until Rock recovered. Mr. H. has an awful lot of faith in Rock's acting ability; that's why he didn't pick another actor for the spot to go on with the show.

Well, you'll just never believe the excitement over Audrey Hepburn's arrival in Hollywood. By the time she got back from England, most everybody in the picture game had seen this lass in "Roman Holiday" and they were all hollering "Academy Award Audrey" fit to kill. Now, with "Sabrina Fair" as her next, you can bet all producers' eyes are fixed on the gal as the hottest of the lots and people are writing plays and movies for her like crazy. The youngster, for your info, was born in Belgium of British parents. She changed her name and did underground work in Holland for a spell, giving ballet performances to raise money for the Dutch resistance movement. Later on, she was given the lead in the stage play, "Gigi," by its famous French author, Colette. From now on when you hear the word "Hepburn" you gotta ask: Katharine or Audrey? Just so you know.

Mona Freeman's real upset over all the rumors that she and Bing are romantically inclined. Looks as if she'll have to marry the boy to quiet people down—only she claims they aren't even interested in each other.

I tell yah, when that Rita Hayworth falls in love she really means it. She's stuck by Dick Haymes like a foot to flypaper. Well, life couldn't possibly be dull for them, what with Rita taking French leave at Columbia to be with Dick in the East and Dick hoping to get his alimony,



Nanette Fabray gets best wishes from Gene Kelly at "Band Wagon" premiere.

back taxes and illegal entry mess cleaned up with the ole Uncle Sam department, so he and Rita can live happily ever after right here in old Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Dick's ex-wife Nora hasn't let any grass grow under her feet in the date department. When Jody and Dora Hutchinson returned from a six-months "vacation" in Mexico and opened up their fabulous two-swimming-pool house in Chatsworth, Nora came with department store tycoon Jerry Ohrbach to the first of the famous Hutchinson parties.

There's a kind of an interesting combo of actresses in 20th's picture, "We Believe In Love." Maggie McNamara and Dorothy McGuire are along for the ride and they're quite a lot alike—both kinda fra-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)



Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer help make-up artists and hair stylists celebrate at Ambassador Hotel dinner. Rumors about a Ferrer heir died quickly.





The Ricardo Montalbans having a good time at opening of "The Band Wagon."



Betty Hutton and Danny Thomas chat at party NBC-TV gave for Milton Berle.



Ann Blyth, dressed for "Rose Marie," and Fred Astaire at MGM sales lunch.



Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland congratulate Della Russell on Grove opening.

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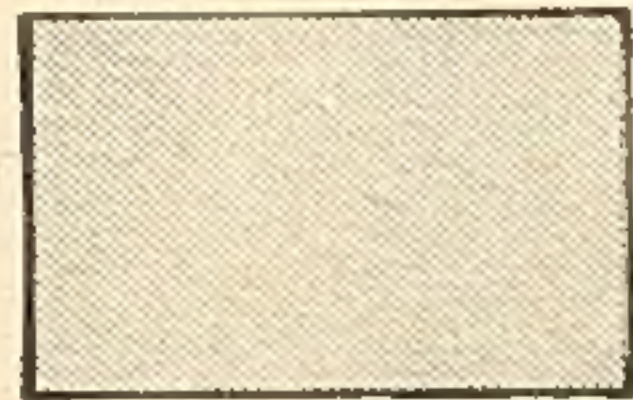
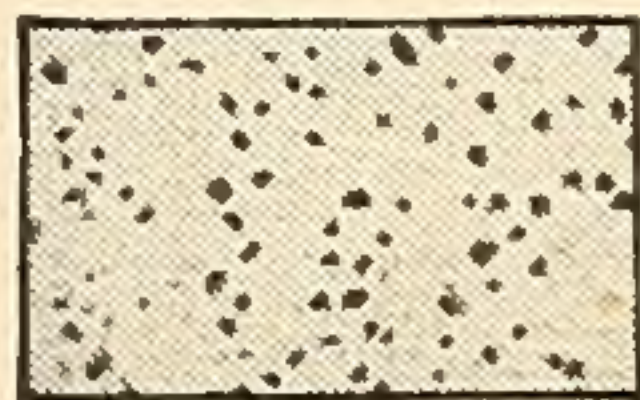


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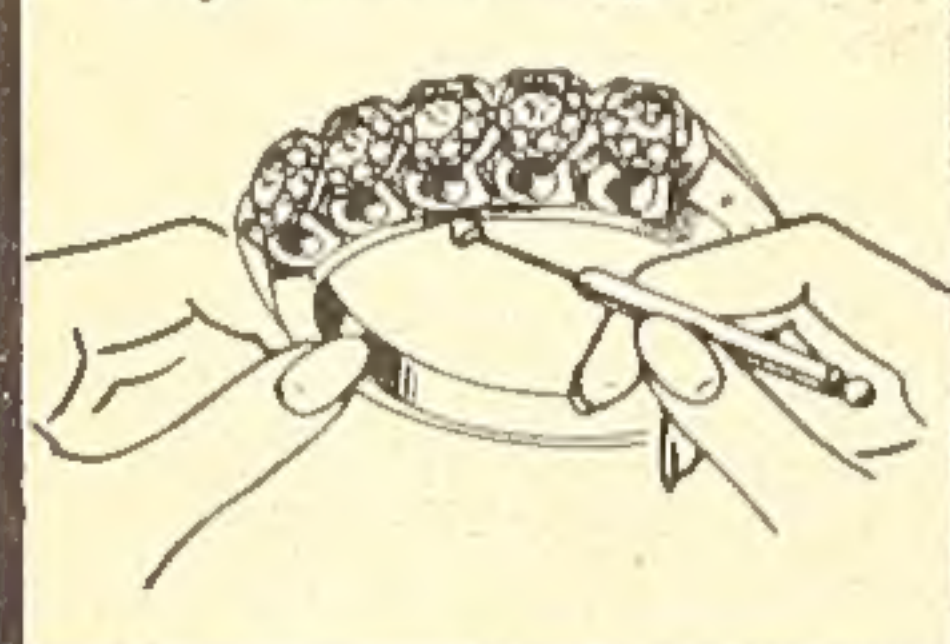
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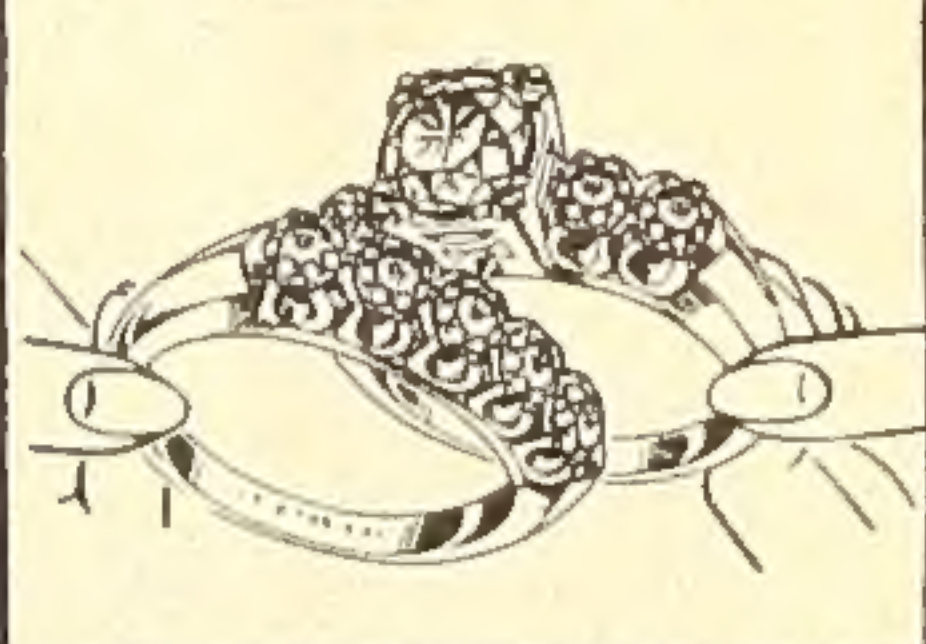
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## what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

gile types. The little McNamara has really, voiced since that nice, witty, adult film, "The Moon Is Blue," showed her off so well.

June Allyson's taking dancing lessons like crazy from the talented young choreographer, Bill Skipper. June allows as how she's aiming for a stage musical just as quick as ever she gets her stretching exercises over and can trip over something light and fantastic. Well, why not—Dick Powell, who is married to June, has been doing all right on his own, branching out as a stage and screen director.

There's a spot 'way in the end of the Coconut Grove where a large painting, supposedly Honolulu's Diamond Head, forms the backdrop. If you look at the mural long enough, you'll see a big white ship sailing over the painted ocean and disappearing behind Diamond Head. Well, what all this leads up to, besides lending a little atmosphere to this story, is that people were packed right up to the point of being run over by this silly ship when Janie Powell opened up her pipes and sang for the customers. So if any un-Powell fans tell you that this girl isn't popular, make 'em read this paragraph over seventy times. She was what you might call radiant and glowing on opening night.

Heard the whole score of RKO's brand-new spanking, sparkling, musical, "The French Line," with people like Mary McCarty, Jane Russell, and Gilbert Roland doing the singing. Wow! My chum Miss McCarty has some great songs in it, but her greatest is the title song and you're gonna blow your stack over it. Another of the songs that'll just purely kill you is "Wait 'Til You See Paris." Well, I can't wait. Gotta go out right now and see the whole picture and hear that music again!

Young, tall, dark, handsome New York stage actor Donald Murphy—he was with the great Shirley Booth in

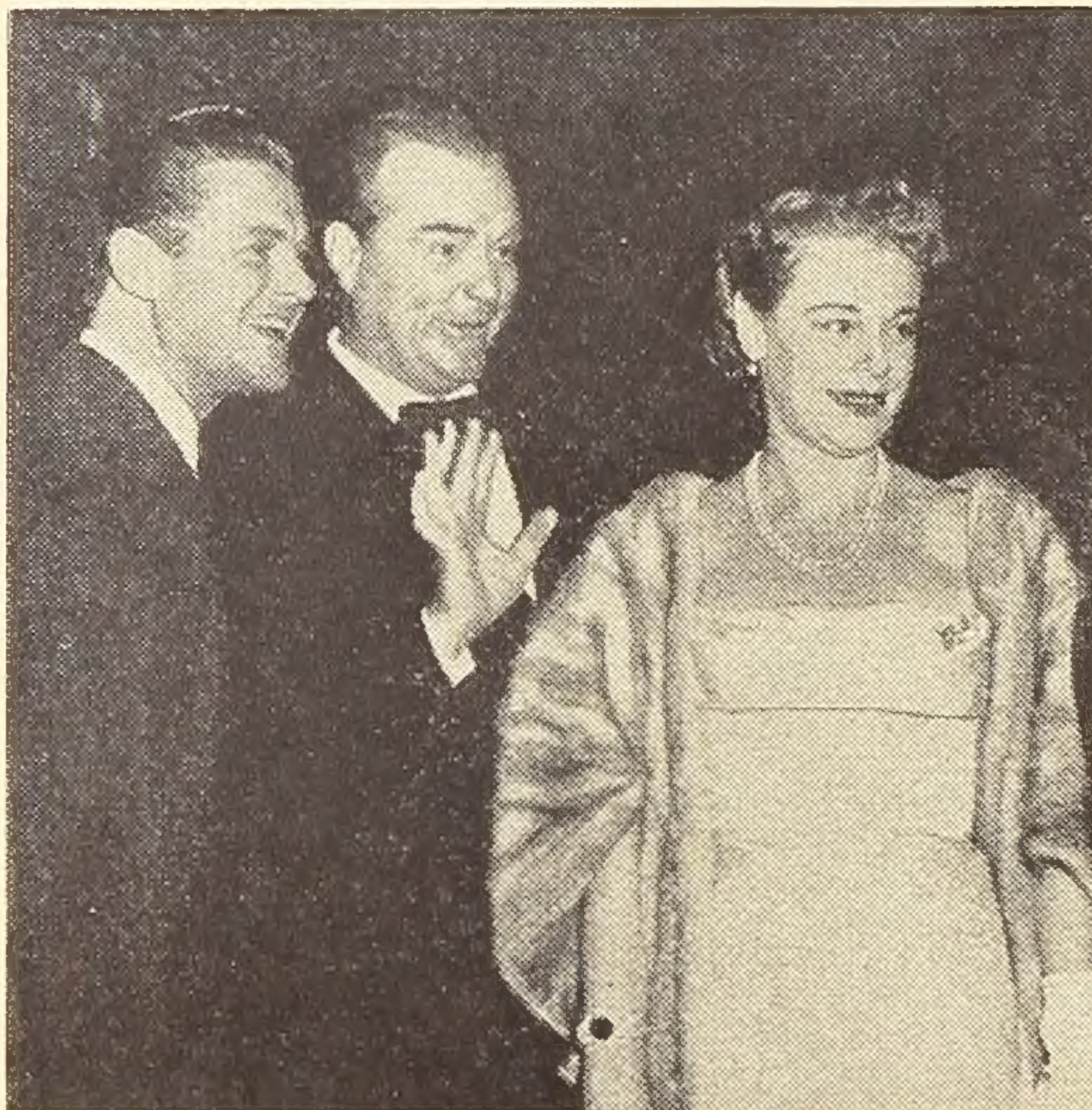
"Time Of The Cuckoo" on Broadway last season—came to Hollywood for a vacation, but his loafing didn't last long. Right off, he went into one of the first of Loretta Young's new film TV series, "Letters To Loretta." When Miss Y. saw Mr. M. on film she decided he was leading man material and so you'll be seeing Murph pretty often from this Coast.

Someone shore has it in for that little gal named Monroe. Her apartment has been broken into a whole flock of times. Betcha every policeman on the Bevhills beat has volunteered to stand guard on her property.

Saw Judy Garland at the Villa Nova, the very popular Sunset Strip early and late spot, about the time the newspapers said she was supposed to be real sick and not able to work on "A Star Is Born." Anyway, she got back in the groove shortly after and, aside from having a big hassle with Hugh Martin, the guy who has been so closely associated with her career, things are going along very smoothly, and all in all we're apt to see this picture on the screen before too many months go by. When the very talented Mr. Martin parted company with Judy he took off for New York and the theatre. Their gain is Hollywood's loss, to coin an old phrase.

One of the best things that's happened to the Sunset Strip night club section is the re-opening of the former Champagne Room of Charley Morrison's Mocambo. It's now called the Larry Finley Club. This Finley is quite a guy and his radio broadcast, which goes on until the wee small tiny hours, is the most relaxed, most interesting of the personality interview shows we've ever heard. Larry is such a genial character that even people with mike fright forget to be scared.

Jeepers, even the gals in this town are getting a little rough. Hate to drop names in a case like this so I won't.



Bob Cummings, Red and Mrs. Skelton at big preem of "Island In The Sky."



Marie Wilson and her husband, Robert Fallon, in a gay mood at the Mocambo.



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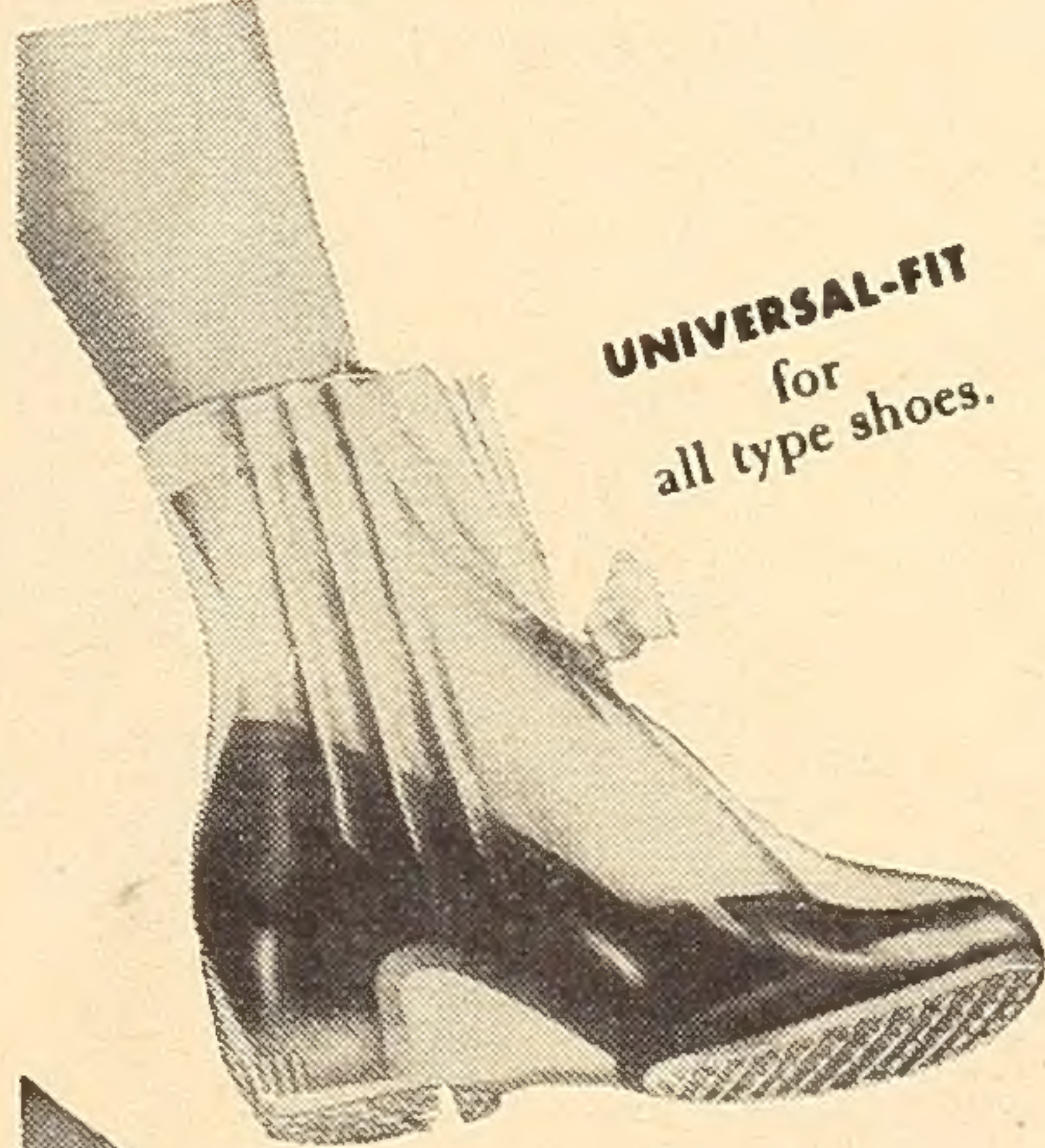
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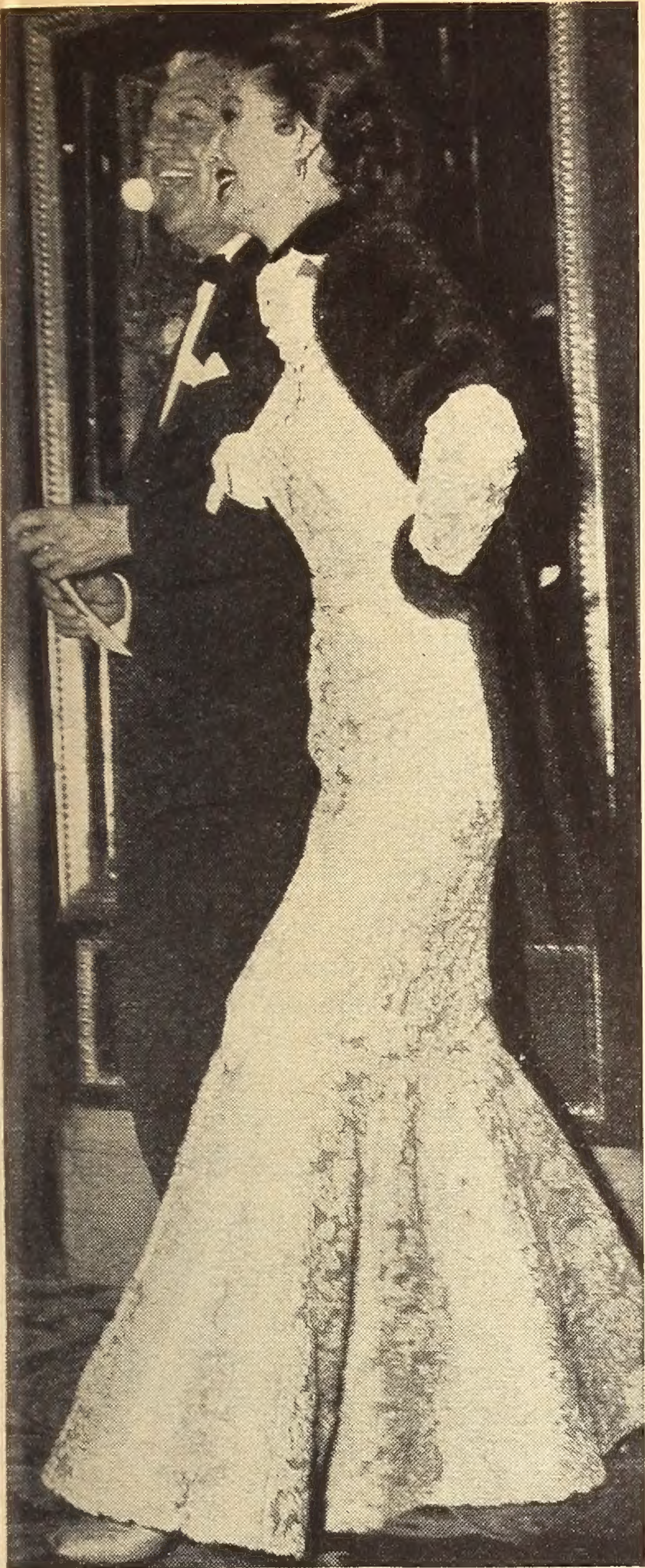
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Loretta Young and husband Tom Lewis  
at gala N. Y. premiere of "The Robe."

But three semi-glamour gals got into a  
bit of a rough-and-tumble at a party  
and the husband of one got a large  
gash in his arm when he was shoved  
through a window, trying to break up  
the cat fight. Too bad.

We got a letter from one of our readers  
about an item we printed on our actor-  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



Gale Storm, Edw. Arnold, Dale Evans  
judge Roy Rogers School Safety entry.



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## what hollywood itself is talking about! (CONTINUED)

singer pal Gar Moore. Seems there's a little confusion in some people's minds about Gar and Garry Moore on account of the similarity of their names. Well, with all due respect and admiration for Garry Moore, who is one of the top comedy talents, our boy Gar is a pretty famous character himself. One of his many enterprises in Hollywood is the antique store he's opened in Hollywood called Look, Look, Look. It started off with such a smash that he had to open an annex, which he calls Look Again. Kinda cute, huh? Just for variety, he also calls his stores the Junque Shop of the Stars and, boy, they're all in there buying some of the treasures this Gar guy finds—where, nobody knows. There's a stage musical in the o'ing for Gar, since his fabulous singing voice was discovered at his birthday party.

Alan Ladd's going to have to take one of those guided tours of Hollywood when he gets back—if he ever does. Straight from the "Saskatchewan" location in Canada this boy went back to Europe for a small vacation in Swe-

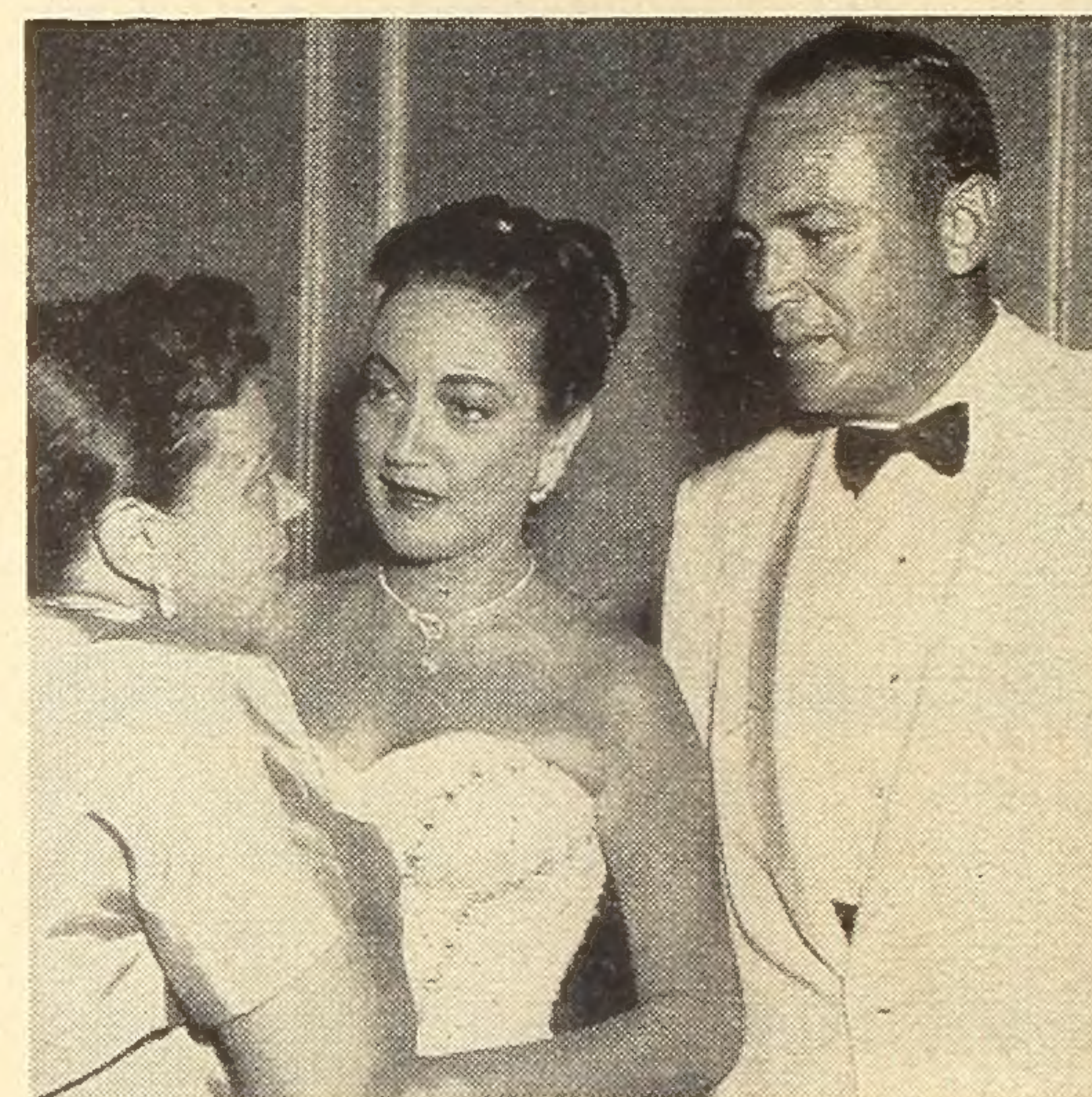
den before going to Spain for "The Black Knight." It's kinda interestin' to observe that the olden days are getting a big play again. Along with "The Black Knight" is another big adventure number, "Prince Valiant," from the famous comic strip of the same name which will give that sensational young guy, Robert Wagner, the best role of his career.

Had a real girl visit with one of our very favorite people, Joan Crawford, who was busy planning the Winter wardrobes of her four kids. Joan had only finished doing the songs for "Torch Song," made a pilot film for her new TV series, got everything ship-shape for her new film, "Johnny Guitar," at the same time. No, she only has two hands, just like the rest of us mortals.

Mala Powers—she was on the verge of death for a long time—is a happy kid again. All well and going around with one of the most attractive men in this town. And we do mean Gig Young.



George Murphy and Pat O'Brien judged the Roy Rogers Safety awards contest.



Dottie Lamour, William Howard, greet her hairdresser at beauticians' dance.



In the first-night audience of notables applauding "Island In The Sky" are Claire Trevor and her husband, Milton Bren, Gordon MacRae and wife Sheila.



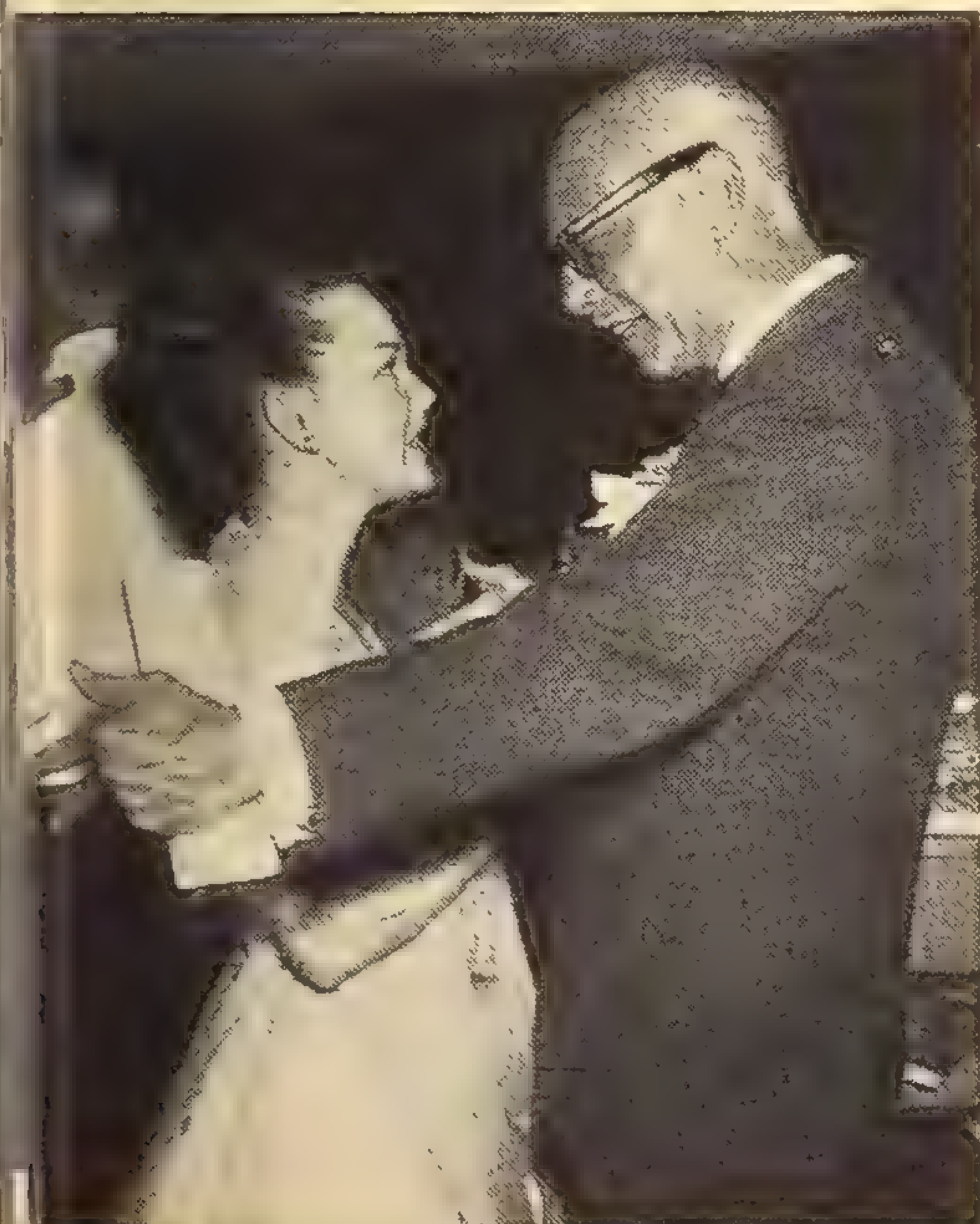


Evelyn Keyes, Paris-bound from New York, is planning her own TV series.

Wait'll you see him in Joan Crawford's "Torch Song." You'll flip, I swear.

We recently had great fun watching a recording session at Capitol Records, an album of "Naughty Marietta" which stars Gordon MacRae and Marguerite Piazza. The brilliant young conductor-composer-arranger concert pianist, George Greeley, handles his orchestra, his stars, and the background chorus like

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



Vanda Hendrix gets warm welcome from Mitch Leisen at hair stylists' dance.



#### What solves your family gift problem?

- ☐ Charge 'em to Dad ☐ I.O.U.'s

You'd plant really different (and wonderful) presents under the family tree? Write I.O.U.'s! One to Mom, promising you'll take over some household chore daily—for 3 months. To Dad your pledge to deliver 20 shoe shines on demand. And Sis? She'll prefer the *present* to future service; get something glamorous, "grown-up." But one day you *can* do her a service—by helping her to get the sanitary protection that keeps her confident: Kotex. Those *flat, pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines!

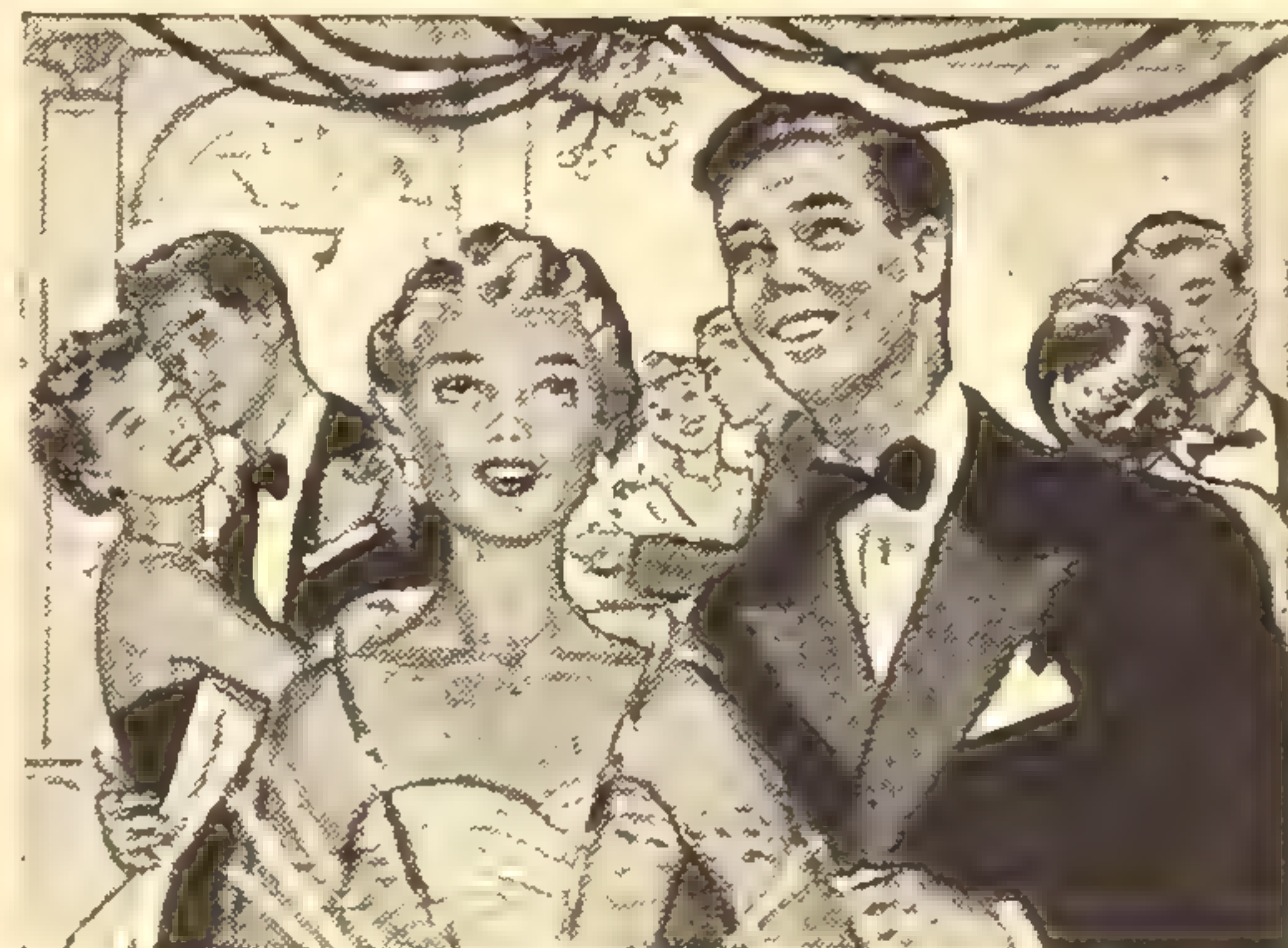


#### Want to winterize your chassis?

- ☐ Add anti-freeze ☐ Change oil

Snow weather sets your teeth a-chattering? Heed both hints above. Keep your radiator (circulation) "het up" with such "anti-freeze" as outdoor sports, wholesome meals, ample H<sub>2</sub>O and juices. And chap-proof your pelt; change to richer beauty creams. On "those" days, you'll radiate *poise* with the comfort Kotex gives: softness (*holds its shape!*), plus extra *protection* to thaw all chilling doubts.

## Are you in the know?



#### For mistletoe bait, why not try—

- ☐ Formal flattery ☐ Gooless lipstick

You, too, can be a Lorelei in your holiday formal—even if you're built on the lean and hollow side. A gently draped bodice, a gossamer stole, can make a dream dress perfect for you. So too, a girl's *calendar* needs should be exactly suited to her. That's why Kotex gives you a choice of 3 *absorbencies*. Try 'em! There's Regular, Junior, Super.



More women choose KOTEX<sup>®</sup> than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

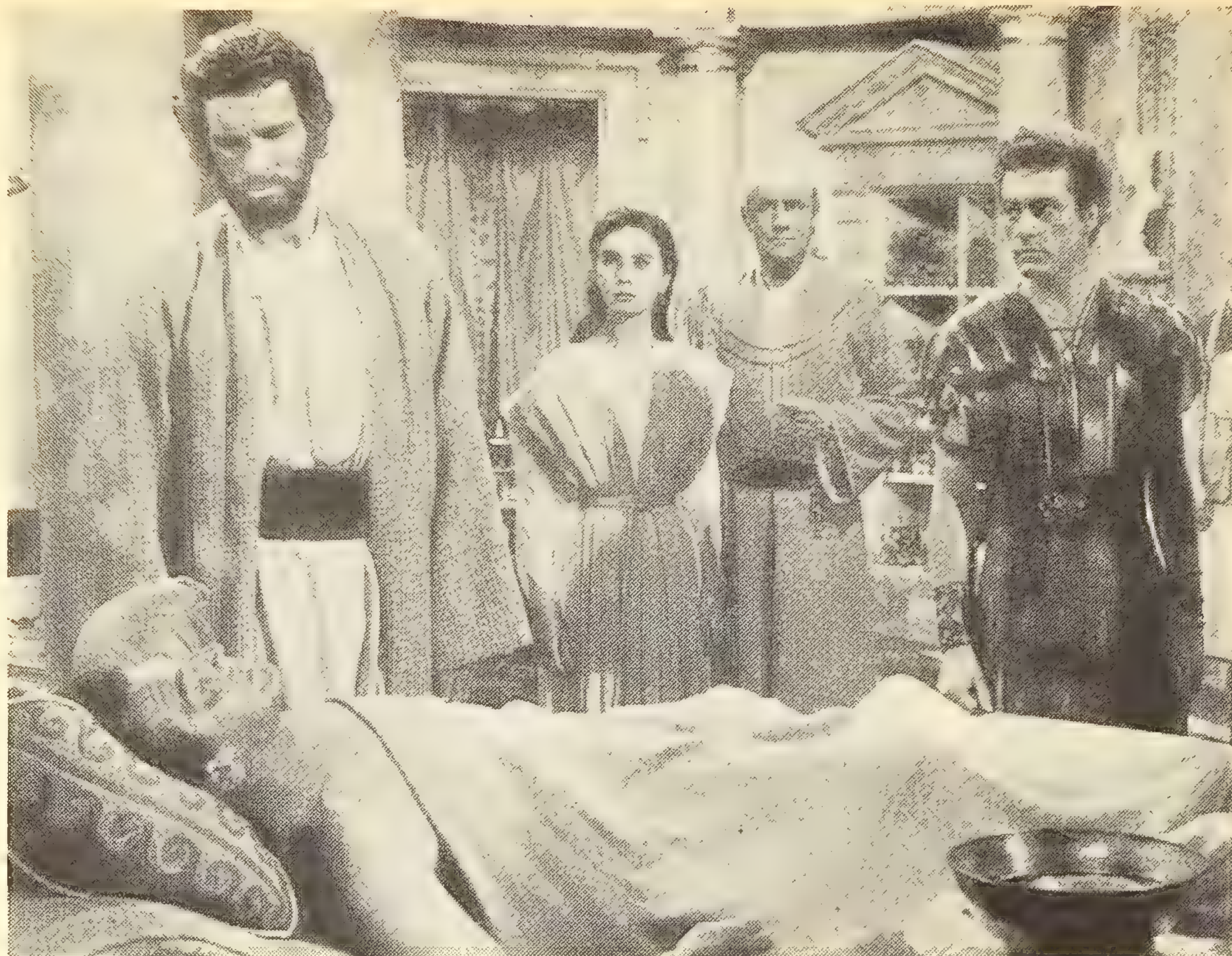
#### Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

- ☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex and Kotex belts ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—that's Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic . . . they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight you'll hardly know you're wearing one. And Kotex belts take kindly to dunking; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two . . . *for a change!*







"The Robe," the first CinemaScope movie, is beautifully enacted by Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, Jean Simmons, Torin Thatcher and Richard Burton.

## The Robe

THE most talked-of picture of many years flashes across the giant CinemaScope screen to reveal a beautifully enacted, flawlessly directed and thoroughly inspirational motion picture achievement. To Producer Frank Ross, Director Henry Koster, and stars Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature and Michael Rennie go praise indeed for an advancement in screenfare. "The Robe," adapted from the Lloyd C. Douglas best seller, tells the story of the man *Tribune Marcellus Gallio* (Richard Burton) who crucified Christ. After a youth of riotous living, *Marcellus*, is untouched by his new duties in Jerusalem. He has been told to put three men to death. His slave, *Demetrius*, as played by Victor Mature, begs him to spare the life of the blessed Master but to no avail. It is only after *Marcellus* wins the robe worn by Christ and touches it that the transformation begins. The moment he puts the robe on, he is a stricken man. Returned to Capri where his love, Jean Simmons, awaits, *Marcellus* is brought before the authorities. They secretly believe him mad and order him to provide the names of Jesus' followers. He returns to do this, but is so impressed with the teachings of *Peter* and the assurance of *Demetrius* that he soon learns Christianity is what he has been looking for. He tries to burn the robe, but it will not burn, instead he hears the Lord's voice and a spirit of peace descends upon him. Later, when the *Emperor Caligula* orders him put to death, *Diana* (Jean Simmons) prefers death with the man she loves and for the ideals she loves rather than marriage to a heathen emperor. As they are led away, she gives the robe to *Marciper*, "For the Big Fisherman," she says and goes to death—and yet she feels a new life—with *Marcellus*. Academy Award performances are given by the cast with Victor Mature's scene at the foot of the cross an acting and emotional gem. 20th Century Fox.

# Your guide to current films

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

## All The Brothers Were Valiant

THIS rousing, seafaring adventure yarn is well enacted, lavishly produced and



Gary Cooper and Ruth Roman are caught up in somber drama in "Blowing Wild."



Ann Blyth, Stewart Granger and Robert Taylor star in the drama of an adventurous 19th Century whaling expedition in "All The Brothers Were Valiant."



thoroughly entertaining. It's the tale of two brothers and their command of a whaling ship during the turn of the century. Robert Taylor, a quiet, methodical man, accepts the skipper's post when the crew of his brother's ship reports that he was killed during a voyage to Jamaica. Bob marries his childhood sweetheart, Ann Blyth, and sets sail for Jamaica to try and trace the brother, Stewart Granger. He doesn't have long to look, for Granger shows up the first day the ship is in port and announces that he has been ill with jungle fever, was married to a native girl, Betta St. John, and knows where a fortune in pearls is buried. When Bob refuses to use the whaling ship to hunt the pearls, Granger incites a mutiny and almost breaks up Bob's marriage by intimating that he is a coward. It isn't until the final reels that both men are able to prove that all the brothers were valiant. The film, which is aided by Technicolor, includes some exciting whaling scenes, a real rough-house fight, and some capable support from the late Lewis Stone, Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore. MGM.

### Walking My Baby Back Home

HERE'S a peppy, light-hearted musical that doesn't bother much with story values, but overly compensates with some topnotch hoofing and some seat-rockin' Dixieland jazz. Donald O'Connor and some Army buddies plan to continue their orchestral combo in civilian life. Their vocalist, WAC sergeant Janet Leigh, however, doesn't go along with their long-haired ideas and upon her discharge joins her uncle's traveling minstrel show. When the O'Connor troupe fails to get any bookings they try barnstorming the country, using the \$5000 Don's grandfather has left him to study opera. It isn't until Don winds up broke and working in the minstrel show with Janet that he meets "Scat Man" Crothers and is exposed to Dixieland music which eventually wins him musical acclaim and the rest of grandfather's fortune. There's lots of bounce and buffoonery in this Technicolor treat, which co-features

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)



"Vicki" is a slick, taut mystery film with Jeanne Crain and Elliott Reid.

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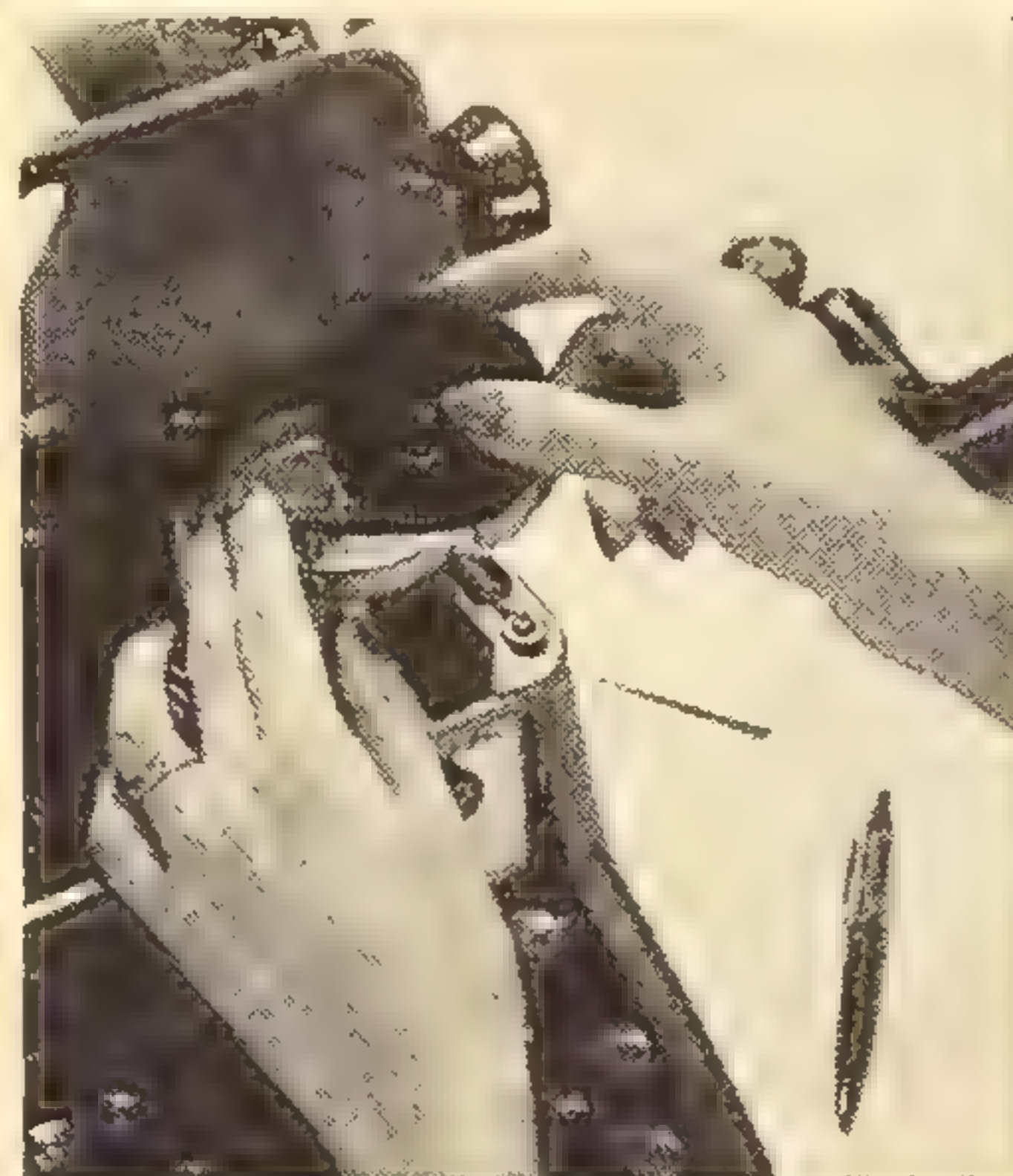
**Guards against harsh detergents—**Smooth *On Hand* over your hands before doing the dishes, gardening and all sorts of chores. *On Hand* is non-greasy...but it protects the natural oils of your skin from harsh cleansers and dirt.

**Tests among nurses prove effectiveness—**Impartial tests among registered nurses prove that *On Hand* provides the surest, most effective hand protection. Use according to directions and avoid dry skin before it starts. You'll find *On Hand* so effective you won't need to use cosmetic-type creams at all.

\*contains AQUASIL...new silicone marvel of chemistry



**DISHES.** "Better than wearing rubber gloves!"  
...Mrs. R. P., Woonsocket, R. I.



**TYPING.** "Prevents deep stains from ribbons and carbons... keeps my nails from chipping."  
...Mrs. D. D., Bronx, N. Y.



**GARDENING.** "No bad effects from gardening and house cleaning this year."  
...Mrs. C. S., McCloud, Okla.



**PAINTING.** "I used it for protection against paint."  
...Mrs. G. Y., Fraser, Colorado



**SPORTS.** "A marvelous protective lotion."  
...Miss M. V. S., New York City



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No 20% Federal excise tax



## Your guide to **current films** CONTINUED

Buddy Hackett, Norman Abbott and Phil Garris. **Universal-International.**

### **Blowing Wild**

**G**ARY COOPER and partner, Ward Bond, are wildcatting for oil in Mexico when guerrilla bandits dynamite their well and chase them off the property. Broke, the boys migrate to town and reluctantly accept a job with Anthony Quinn, an oil-rich former partner of Cooper. Once the boys report to work it is obvious that Quinn's wife, Barbara Stanwyck, wants to resume her former romance with Cooper. He, however, is more interested in night club hostess Ruth Roman, and maintains a hands-off policy to Barbara. Infuriated, she seems to take her spite out on Quinn, whom she eventually kills so that she will be free to marry Cooper. Unwilling to believe that he doesn't want her, she confesses that she has murdered for him. Before Gary is able to react, guerrilla bandits attack the ranch and oil fields and in the ensuing warfare Barbara is killed. Film, which was entirely shot in Mexico, is a somber, reflective type drama, which leans heavily on its unusual locale. **Warner Brothers.**

### **The Big Heat**

**W**HEN Sergeant Glenn Ford is called in to investigate the suicide of fellow policeman Tom Duncan, he believes the widow's story that her husband was despondent over ill health. Later, when a cocktail hostess tells him that Duncan was not ill and that he was trying to get a divorce from his wife to marry her, Ford confronts the widow with the new evidence. She not only reports him to his City Hall superiors,

but informs gang leader, Alexander Scourby, with whom her husband was working. Scourby's henchmen are ordered to retaliate and one overly excited killer rigs Ford's car with a bomb which kills his wife, Jocelyn Brando. When his superiors, under orders from corrupt politicians, refuse to give Ford the support he needs to crack the case, he resigns from the force and with the aid of gangster moll Gloria Grahame leads his own revenge. The film is packed with taut moments and terse dialogue and was directed by Fritz Lang. **Columbia.**

### **Vicki**

**A** SLICK whodunnit, that by-passes the current private eye trend for the good old-fashioned methods of police grilling and third degree, has been turned out by Producer Leonard Goldstein. The film deals with the almost maniacal investigation by Richard Boone into the death of top model Jean Peters. His prime target is Elliott Reid, a publicity man who did much to aid Jean's career. Although Boone tries to trump up evidence against Reid he is blocked by the deceased's sister, Jeanne Crain. Eventually the cop is proved to be shielding the killer, who believes the model might have been his if she hadn't hit the big time. Movie, which is the last of the "flat" films to be released by the CinemaScope-minded 20th Century-Fox, careens along at a fast, absorbing pace. **20th Century-Fox.**

### **A Lion Is In The Streets**

**B**ASED on Adria Locke Langley's novel, this James Cagney starrer traces the rise of a swamp country peddler to a would-be politician. Using a big com-



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An old love has turned to hate when Barbara Stanwyck vows vengeance on Fred MacMurray in "The Moonlighters," a fiery and suspenseful melodrama of crime.



pany's obvious shortchanging of the sharecroppers as a springboard, Cagney gains the support of the backwoods people and then launches his campaign for governorship of the state. His betrayal of his friends, his backstreet romance with Anne Francis and his sellout to political boss Onslow Stevens, all prepare the way for his own violent shooting by a one-time supporter, Jeanne Cagney. The obvious violence and shocker qualities of the film have been well tempered by Director Raoul Walsh with several intimate folksy scenes between Cagney and his wife Barbara Hale. It's an interesting, off-beat drama enhanced by Technicolor. Warner Brothers.

### The Moonlighters

**A**N exciting melodrama, in which an intended lynching victim silently watches the wrong man die for his crime, is tautly told by Director Roy Rowland and stars Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray and Ward Bond. MacMurray, a cattle rustler, swears vengeance on the ranchers who lynch an innocent hobo thinking it was he. Five years after he fulfills his pledge he returns to best gal Barbara Stanwyck, who, weary of waiting, has become engaged to MacMurray's brother, William Ching. Unknown to Barbara, the brothers and old pal Ward Bond, plan to rob the local bank. Ching is killed in the holdup and Barbara vows revenge on MacMurray and gets herself deputized to bring him in. Although she



In investigating the suicide of a fellow policeman in "The Big Heat," Glenn Ford uncovers a web of corruption with aid of gangster moll Gloria Grahame.

almost loses her life doing it, she accomplishes her mission in a suspenseful, fiery manner. There are excellent performances by each of the principals and some unusual 3-D optical effects. Warner Brothers.

### Bait

**J**OHAN AGAR and Hugo Haas are partners in a very productive gold mine. The larger the nuggets, however, the more

Haas' greed grows until he determines to get rid of Agar. Since many suspect him of murdering a former partner, the old prospector realizes he must be cautious in plotting Agar's betrayal. He finally decides upon the age-old triangle and marries Cleo Moore to use her as the bait. John learns of the scheme in time to protect himself and the girl. The film, which was written, produced and directed by Haas, is definitely offbeat and for adults only. Independent. **END**



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Based on Plays by Zoe Akins and Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert • with ALEX D'ARCY • FRED CLARK and

Produced by  
**NUNNALLY JOHNSON**  
Directed by  
**JEAN NEGULESCO**  
Screen Play by  
**NUNNALLY JOHNSON**  
**William POWELL**





# Dorothy Kilgallen's

## Exclusive Movie Gossip

A NEW FEATURE OF INTIMATE, OFF-THE-RECORD NEWS OF THE SCREEN'S MOST INTRIGUING STARS

**T**HE Anthony Bartleys (Deborah Kerr) are just ignoring the rift rumors. She scored a tremendous personal success in the new play, "Tea And Sympathy" on Broadway and her Hollywood asking price per film is now \$125,000 for a maximum of twelve weeks work. She'll return to her native England when she takes the play to London for a limited engagement—then back to Hollywood and her husband Anthony Bartley . . .

*When Anne Baxter switched from*



Mickey Rooney, who once romanced both Jane and Betty Kean, accepted then declined to play opposite the girls in a new musical—'twas a matter of billing.



The Lex Barkers with their respective offspring. Lana likes being a brunette.

peroxide tresses to natural brownette, gave up plunging neckline dresses and skipped the cigars everytime they were passed around at a Malibu Beach house-warming, it was John Hodiak's cue to resume his attempt at reconciliation. Only fly in the ointment is the mother-in-law problem which still remains. Mrs. Baxter isn't budging from her daughter's side. It's an obstacle "Hody" hopes to hurdle in time . . .

As soon as Ethel Merman completes her next movie at 20th Century-Fox, she'll reconsider her recent decision never to do another Broadway musical. Noel Coward has a new musical revue in the works and it's earmarked for The Merm. Peter Lind Hayes and

Mary Healy are also being mentioned to share stellar honors in the new show . . .

**M**ICKY ROONEY who once romanced both the Kean Sisters—Jane and Betty—one at a time, of course—accepted and then turned down the male lead in the new Anita Loos musical, "The Great Caress," written expressly for the Kean girls. A matter of billing and salary snagged the deal. Youthful-looking Mickey feels he's a bigger "name" which is not what they say in TV circles when you mention the Jane & Betty Kean comedy act . . .

*Hollywood insiders believe the real "heavy" in Dick (CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)*





As soon as Ethel Merman finishes her next film she'll reconsider her decision never to do another Broadway musical. Noel Coward has one he'd like her to do.



Separation rumors are rife about the Jack Palance and a few other couples.

## Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

Haymes' deportation mess was an executive of Rita Hayworth's studio who blew the whistle on the crooner to get rid of him and "keep Rita out of another scandal." Love had the last laugh, of course, when Rita announced she'd go wherever Dick went—and proved she meant it by becoming his wife.

The John Ericson-Milly Coury wedding in Beverly Hills was almost marred when best man Dick Clayton accidentally lost the wedding ring several hours before the ceremony was scheduled to take place at the Church of the Good Shepherd. The golden circlet was tossed down a drain pipe while the groom and best man were shaving. It was retrieved just thirty

minutes before the young couple said their "I Do's." Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson, who attended the wedding, helped transport guests to the reception which was held in Pasadena, when one of the wedding party's limousines broke down en route to the church . . .

**W**ANDA HENDRIX is in love again—an MGM contract player, singer Jerry Lazarre . . .

Agent Henry Willson's newest discovery (he made stars of Tab Hunter and Rock Hudson) is actor-singer Michael Rayhill who'll be groomed for Farley Granger-type roles. Rayhill resembles Gregory Peck in his younger days . . .

Separation rumors are now making the rounds in Hollywood involving Doris Day, Danny Thomas, David Wayne, Jack Palance and Judy Holliday. All five principals (and their respective mates) deny they're on the brink of a break in their marital lives . . .

**D**EBBIE REYNOLDS' fans and friends alike got a big jolt when she flew to Las Vegas to meet a big producer after the latter ended his "secret" romance with another Debbie—Debra Paget. The Debbie Reynolds studio bosses were in an uproar when word leaked out about her weekend-ing at the Nevada resort . . .

*Widower Gig* (CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)



Ava Gardner, at Stork with Tom Rogers, uses beauty aid learned from Frankie.



Setback in his career has friends of Vic Damone, with Joan Benny, worried.



Gregory Peck, on the set with Rita Gam, refused to go to lavish French ball.



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G. Body Sachet 1.25; H. Purse Perfume in gift box 1.50; I. Toilet Water 1.50; J. Purse Perfume and Stick Cologne 2.50

### OLD SPICE FOR MEN

K. Travel Set: Lather or Brushless Shaving Cream, After Shave Lotion, Talcum 1.50; L. After Shave Lotion and pressurized Smooth Shave 2.00; M. Shaving Mug, After Shave Lotion, Talcum 3.25; N. Men's Shower Soap 1.00





Tab Hunter and Debbie Reynolds besieged by fans at recent premiere. Debbie roused ire of her studio when she rushed to Las Vegas to visit a big producer.



Dick Clayton, who gave bridegroom John Ericson a hard time, with Lori Nelson.

## Dorothy Kilgallen's Exclusive Movie Gossip (CONTINUED)

*Young and Mala Powers are a Great Big Thing on the q. t.—at Hollywood parties they always acknowledge introductions as though they had just met, but at various hide-a-ways in Santa Monica it is a different matter.*

Lana Turner, who became a brunette for her last film, is described by friends as "beautiful this way." Lana had brown hair when she made her first movie, but she says, "It's been so long since I let it grow out its real color I've forgotten what shade it was.

Now I'm afraid to let it grow out—it might be gray!" . . .

**I**NTIMATES would have you believe that if Sharman Douglas doesn't marry Peter Lawford, she'll remain a spinster . . .

One of London's hot new singing bets is a belle who bills herself as *Dinah Kaye*. That moniker wouldn't be inspired by Danny Kaye's tremendous popularity in Britain and the fact that Danny's trademark number is his "Dinah" satire, would it now? . . .

Giselle Pascal is the little darling who alternated her affections between Gary Cooper and Prince Rainier of Monaco. With the first brisk breezes of Autumn she blew them both in favor of a new romance in Rome—a Hollywood film star whose initials are K.D. Guess who!

**A**VA GARDNER puts little white slip-covers on her front teeth before going on TV. A beauty aid she learned from Frank Sinatra who did the same thing before he had his pearlys permanently capped . . .

Marguerite (CONTINUED ON PAGE 65)



Kirk Douglas is not only adored by young fan but also by Giselle Pascal.



Don't be surprised if you see Anne Baxter and John Hodiak like this again.



Mala Powers, nibbling at party tidbit, has romance that's really a Big Thing.



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Censorship has always been a bugaboo to movie producers and recently two controversial films—one American, the other French, brought the matter to the fore again. What makes it so difficult is that no two countries, not even two groups of people within a country, can get together on what constitutes a moral menace. What may be all right in America, is taboo elsewhere, what's okay elsewhere, cannot be shown here. You'll understand more of the debatable subject of censorship when you read this fascinating story

by Henry Kaufman



Martine Carol in the French film, "A Caprice Of Caroline Cherie." Scene was cut by censors in American and Italian versions.

Right: Rice workers in "Bitter Rice," Italian film, take communal bath. Scene was scissored.







Scenes

They

Censor

Here

And

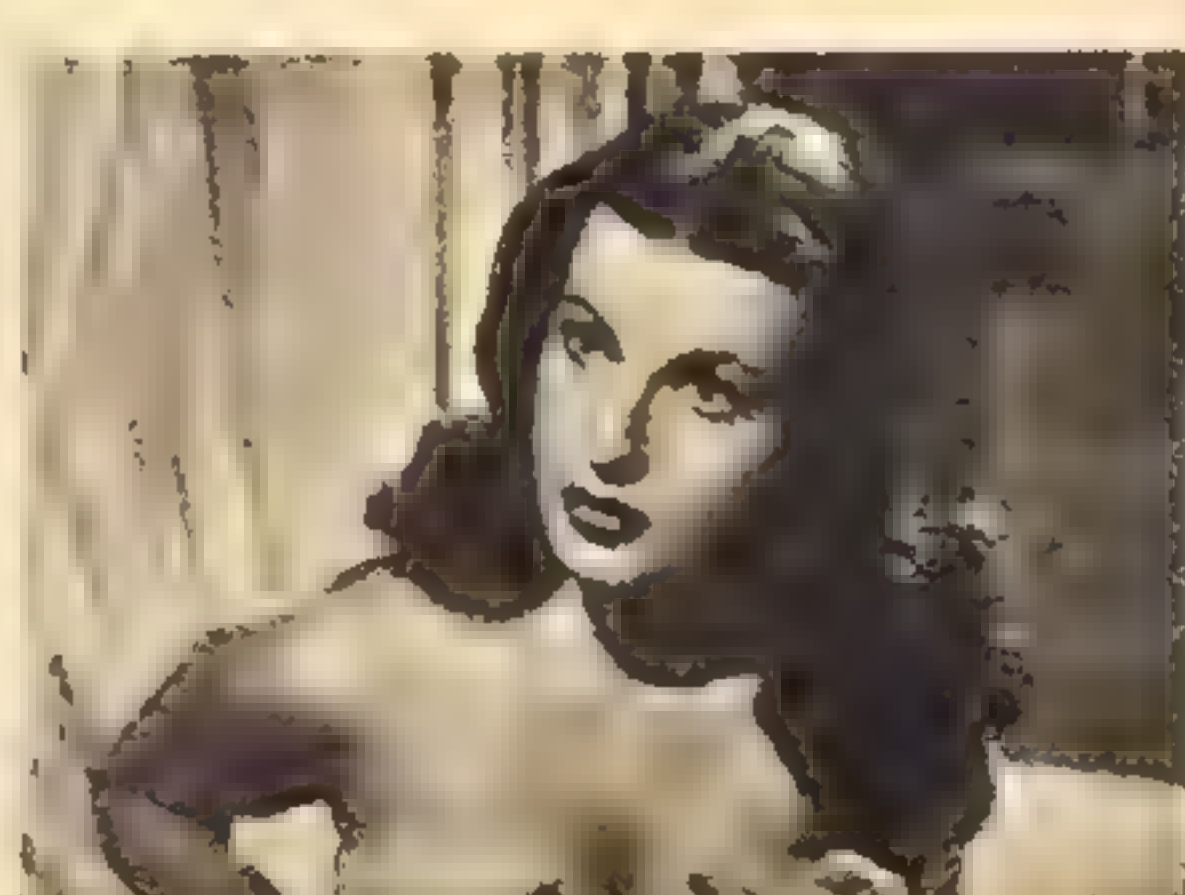
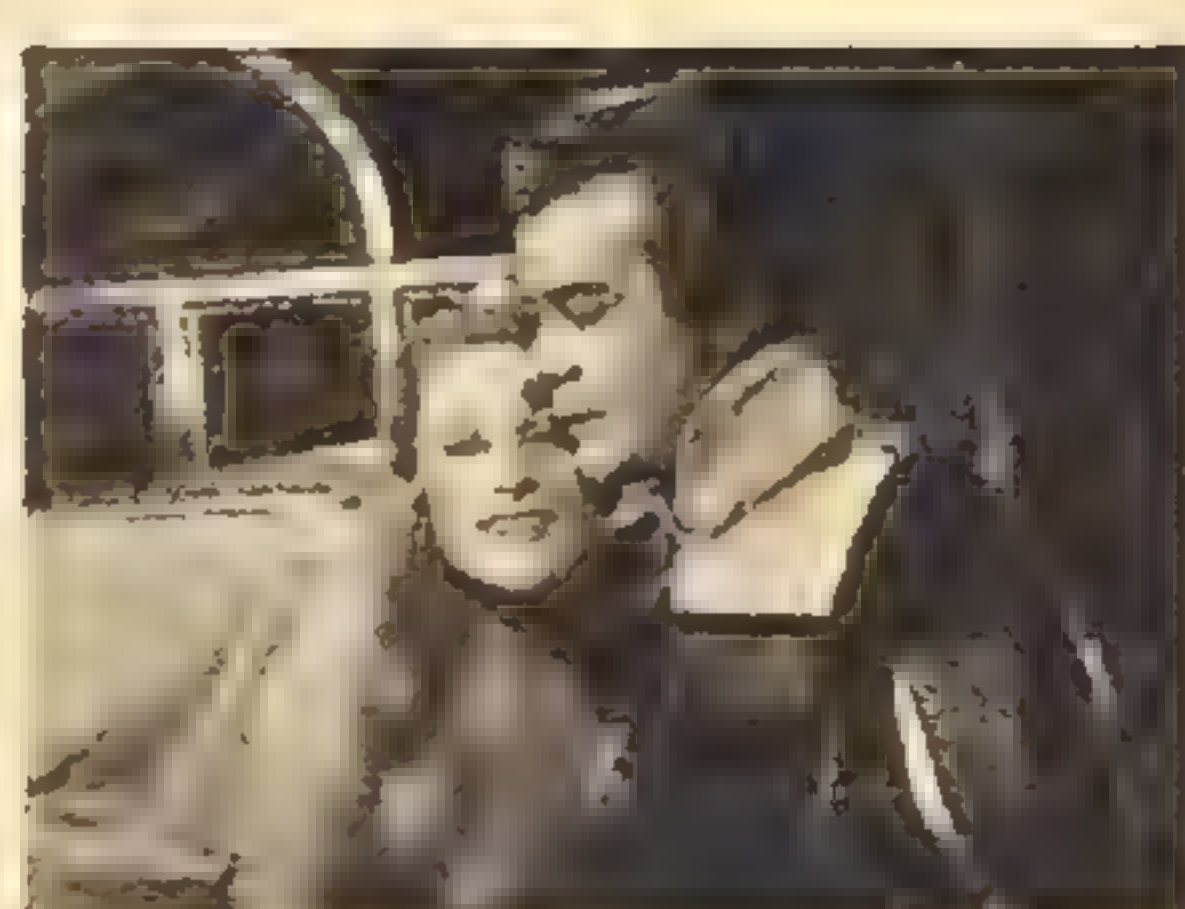
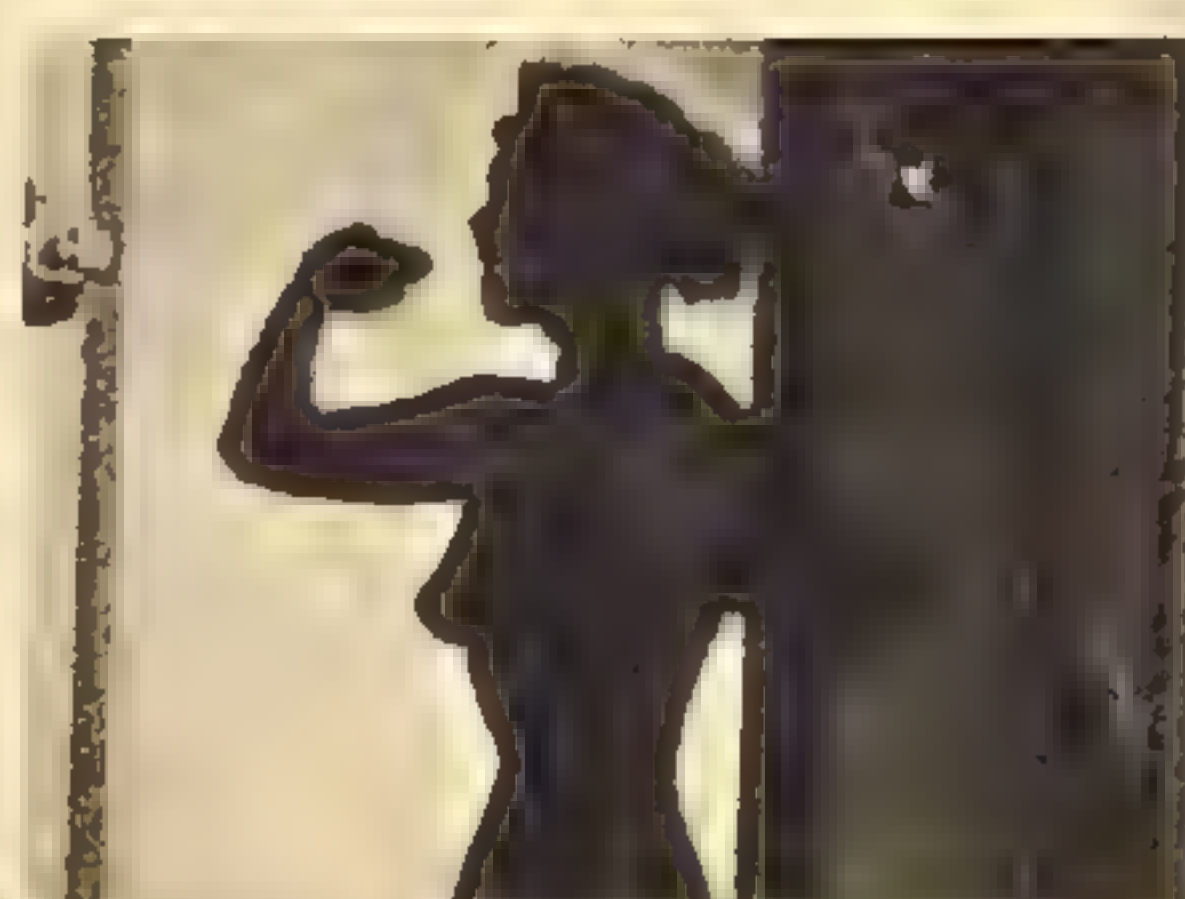
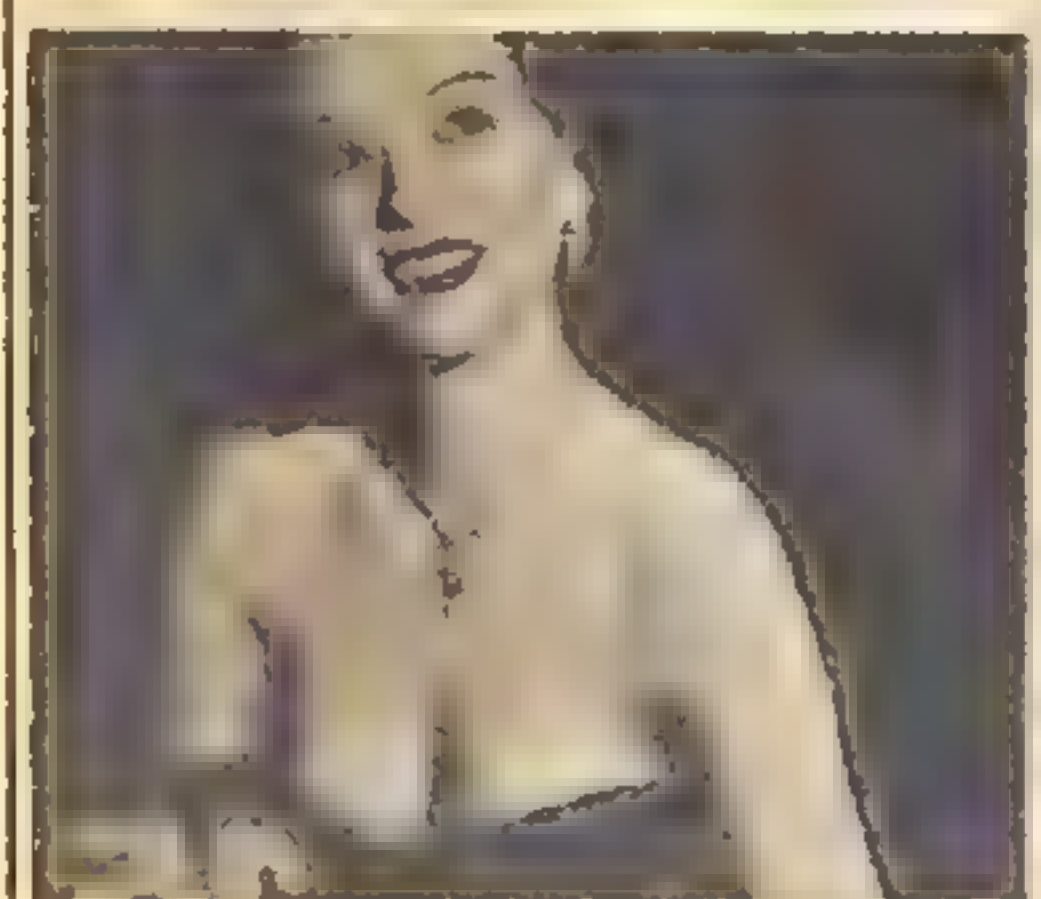
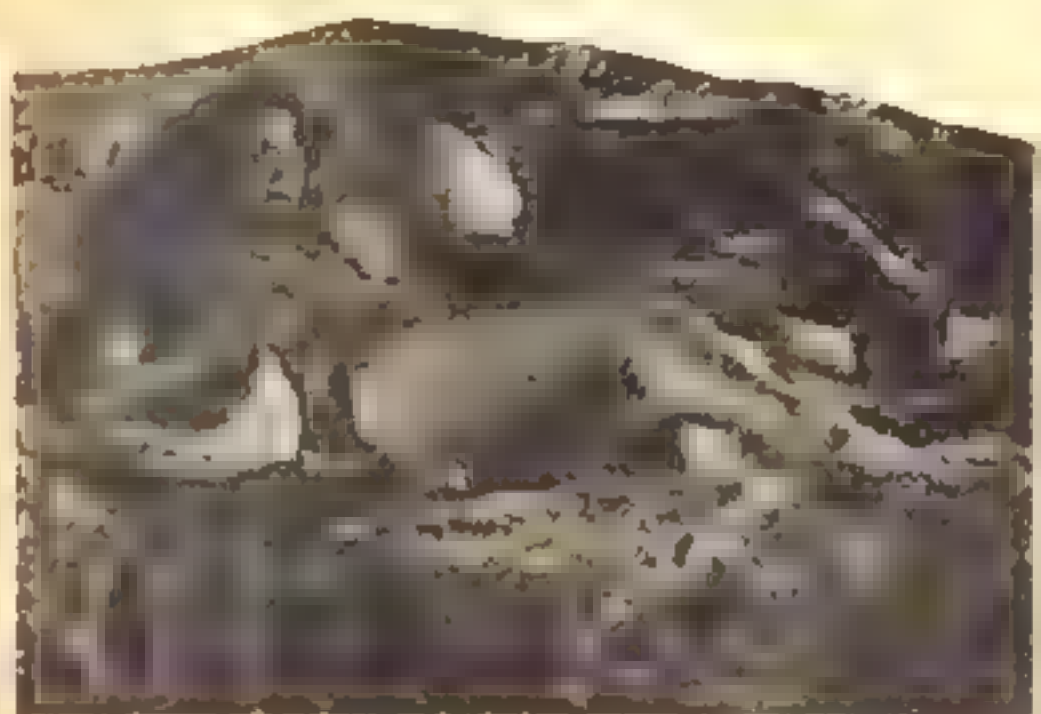
Abroad

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



American censors had a field day with "O.K. Nero."

Below, Far Right: Cut scenes from other foreign films. Although French star Martine Carol's new picture has caused much controversy, she defends her country's views on censorship. "In general," she says "we have a sensible attitude toward censorship and assume most pictures to be an accurate portrait of life."



# SCENES THEY

Paris

THE RECENT release of F. Hugh Herbert's "The Moon Is Blue" and the subsequent furor created wherever this highly controversial film comedy is shown has again brought the problem of movie censorship to the fore. No two groups of people ever seem to reach perfect accord on just what Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public and their children should be permitted to view on the screen. This can be carried one step further. No two countries on this earth can seem to get together on just what constitutes a moral menace to the movie-going masses.

For example, in France it is perfectly acceptable to show highly intimate bedroom scenes between non-married couples, revealing bath-taking episodes, or for gals like bosomy Martine Carol to parade her ample physical charms without benefit of brassiere and, on certain occasions, any covering whatsoever! In fact, the French attitude to intimacy and nudity is somewhat incomprehensible to many Americans, though many others among our population seem to have no discernible objection to these open displays.

On the other hand, however, many American-made scenes of violence, mayhem, murder and what some French critics call "rank sadism" are given the green light by our censors without the flicker of an eyelash while, at the same time, they are severely scissored and sometimes completely vetoed by French censors. "Man In The Dark" and "Detective Story," though shown and well-received by the public, had some difficulty with the Gallic censors. Another example was the 3-D Warner Brothers' film, "House Of Wax." While it was finally passed for public presentation, it was prohibited to children under sixteen.



# CENSOR-HERE AND ABROAD

CONTINUED

Why? Because of the macabre scenes of violence and torture, which were considered a bit too much for the *parlez-vous* kiddies to cope with. But when one realizes that none of these films was considered harmful to American youngsters, one begins to get a conception of the extent of the censorship problem.

Recently an event which threatened to have a far-reaching influence on French censorship occurred in the small, sleepy village of Niort, in the southwestern portion of France. The story concerns our generously-endowed friend, Mademoiselle Martine Carol—the Marilyn Monroe of France—and her fabulously successful film, “Caprice Of Caroline Cherie.” Calling it a “scandalous display of vice,” a group of Niort citizens made open warfare on Martine and the film and tried to prevent it from being shown. Soon, rival factions—known as “pro-Carolinians” and “anti-Carolinians”—sprang up in the town, both simultaneously declaring that precious French liberty was at stake. Every *citoyen* found himself involved on one side or the other of the public fracas. Finally, the mayor and his council, squeezed tight by the contesting factions, arrived at a compromise solution which brought peace back to Niort. “Caroline Cherie” would be shown, all agreed, but “not for a few months when tempers are calmed.”

I decided that Mademoiselle Carol, the subject of all this excitement, ought to have a chance to express her ideas on the controversial subject of film censorship, and made a date to call on her while we were both in Rome. As we met in her suite in the Residence Palace, she introduced me to her fiance, the brilliant French film director, Christian-

Jacque, who was currently directing Martine in a new version of the ancient Greek comedy, “Lysistrata”—the one about the wives of Corinth denying their charms to their warring husbands—a film certain to cause even more headaches for American censor boards.

“I don’t understand at all why ‘Caprice Of Caroline Cherie’ was singled out for such an honor, or should I say dishonor,” Martine, who turned out to be an alluring titian-haired dish, commented. “Caroline is really quite a sweet and amusing young lady. As the not too brainy wife of a general in Napoleon’s army, she inadvertently gets herself involved in a series of improbable adventures, mostly of course with men. What, my dear, could be more natural? She wears a series of very flattering and, I suppose, very revealing gowns, but they follow the trend of the Napoleonic era, and sometimes there is no point in improving on history, is there? There is nothing in the least bit vulgar, crude or offensive in the film. Caroline may not be very bright, but she keeps her sense of humor always and never forgets that she is a lady, no matter what compromising situation she finds herself in.”

Martine took a moment out to readjust the position of her curvaceous gams. As she did, everything else she owned adjusted itself. She looked comfortable—and inviting! “Dozens of French films are turned out every year,” she continued. “Many are in very bad taste—pictures about women of the streets, about *menage a trois*, you know, a three-handed game of love, as well as many horrible crime pictures. They’re unbearable, dreadful, far worse than many of Hollywood’s, I assure you. These are the (CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)



Foreign censors may cut scene from “Calamity Jane,” with Doris Day, Howard Keel.

Fernando Lamas’ slap at Liz Taylor was too realistic.

This scene in “Cry Of The Hunted” wasn’t approved.

Foreign censors get their best licks in on the fight scenes.

Violent romance in “Wings Of The Hawk” was toned down.

Bob Mitchum and Jack Palance were too rough for censors.

A deleted shot from “The Golden Blade,” with Rock Hudson.



What Rita does to  
Aldo Ray in  
the film she will  
also do to the  
men in the audience.



**IN THE HANDS OF  
SULTRY, LAUGH-LOVING  
RITA HAYWORTH,  
SADIE THOMPSON  
EMERGES AS THE SEXIEST,  
NO-HOLDS-BARRED FILM  
ROLE OF THE CENTURY**

**by Michael Sheridan**



# SADIE HAYWORTH

**T**HE HARDEST role of my life was to play a woman of easy virtue on the screen—and make it stick.”

When the lights came up in the darkened projection room of Columbia Studios, in Hollywood, this was the serious but salient remark of Rita Hayworth after viewing the rough cut of her latest movie, “Miss Sadie Thompson.”

“If Dr. Kinsey had only seen this picture before he completed his book,” she added, “he might have revised some of his findings about women.”

Rita Hayworth, who, like Marilyn Monroe, often opens her pretty and piquant mouth to say something newsworthy, had never given utterance to a more illuminating or accurate flip of the tongue and here is why:

In the hands of sultry, laugh-loving, wisecracking Rita Hayworth, Somerset Maugham’s undying characterization of a gal who likes love better than eating, emerges, not only as Kinsey ammunition but also as the sexiest, no-holds-barred female film role of the century.

Portraying what her director, Curtis Bernhardt, calls a “twenty-four-hour-a-day charmer,” Rita is in her element. In clothes that are colorful, tropical and daring—she proves her point that S-E-X, paid for or unpaid for, is here to stay.

Vacationing on the Riviera, an interested author viewed the same rough cut that Rita saw that night. And he had this to say: “Of all the actresses in Hollywood I can think of no better choice than Miss Hayworth to play the part of Sadie. She has (CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



Only a woman who has had an adventurous career in love could handle the role of the 24-hour-a-day charmer.

A highlight of this modern version of the famous play, “Rain,” is torrid dance done by Rita and Henry Slate.



Burt is just rough  
on the outside. Inside  
he lives by the  
book at all times.





**B**URT LANCASTER'S tough—he's BIG—he's got rippling muscles and hands that could strangle a woman . . .

He's no collar-ad for looks. He's got lazy, devil-may-care eyes and sometimes he's just plain nasty . . . but ever since Burt Lancaster first strode across the screen, women have been viewing him with admiration. And men have been wondering, as usual, what he's got that is different from the man in the street.

After all, in any town in America a girl could see plenty of men who have as much—outwardly—to offer as Burt Lancaster. Why then the adulation for this big brute of a guy—a guy you could find anywhere, meet any time, and maybe—wouldn't like very much if you did meet him in real life?

What's he got, except bigness and a feeling of physical power and strength? Maybe his hands could smack a girl as soon as caress her—but aside from appealing to the adventure-instinct in women, is this altogether a *comfortable* characteristic?

But, while the bewilderment of countless boy friends is natural, the explanation is simple. Women react to *strength* in a man—but not to indiscriminate uncontrolled strength. The deepest masculine appeal to women is in a strength from within—and it is just this quality women sense in Burt Lancaster, never better on display than he is in the hit movie, "From Here To Eternity."

"A nice guy," say his friends. "A man you can trust, rely on, turn to if you're in a jam."

There's always an appeal to women in sheer masculine *bigness*. Big hands, big shoulders, powerful arms, big voice . . . Most women enjoy looking up at a man; a lot of women, too, react pleasurably to a sense of the caveman, of brute-force-held-in-check. Particularly if they can feel that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)



Burt, Deborah Kerr before making much-discussed beach scene in film.

## IT TAKES MORE THAN MUSCLES

Burt Lancaster, terrific in "From Here To Eternity," is a man of great masculine strength, but with a core of the tenderness and sweetness every woman wants in her man

by Vincent Rogers









**M**ORE has been whispered and speculated, and less written, about the Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger union than that of any other couple of their standing in Hollywood.

Most of the rumors have not been pretty: "Their marriage is about to break up." "Stewart dominates Jean so strongly that she doesn't dare say anything, at home or in public." "He treats her like a child." "They haven't made a friend since they came to Hollywood." These and many more.

To get to the bottom of the rumors was not an easy matter. The Grangers won't talk for magazine consumption any more, supposedly because they have been misquoted too often. It's more likely that Stewart dislikes reporters because he's not exactly on the best of terms with the members of the press.

He attributes this to his wish for privacy, and the fact that his actions have too often been misinterpreted.

One of his beefs about the press dates back to the time he and Jean were newlyweds. When he didn't call some of the columnists three months after he and Jean had said "I do," they called him to ask if his marriage was on the rocks. He denied it then and ever since.

Yet, some members of the press give a different reason for the strained relationship between them and Stewart. They claim he refuses to cooperate in any way whatsoever because his attitude won't leave room for criticism.

Strangely enough, the Grangers hired one of Hollywood's top publicists to get favorable mentions, but even he can't persuade them to play ball in the customary manner.

With news about the Grangers cut off from its source, the press has to resort to their friends talking about them. A typical reaction from one of them was, "I don't want to stick my neck out." With their marriage as shaky as it is, no one wants to get involved by (CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

Preferring to concentrate on food, Stewart and Jean didn't speak throughout a dinner. ►

◄ Jean is torn between a youthful adoration for Stewart and a desire to assert herself.



Being British is about all they have in common.

**WHAT IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RUMORS ABOUT THE JEAN SIMMONS-STEWART GRANGER MARRIAGE?**

# UNHAPPY LOVERS

by TOM CARLSON









You don't have to be artificial  
or flamboyant to be  
definitely all woman. Just make the most of  
your potentialities as Julia Adams has done and you'll  
shine with a special sort of glamour

by Ben Maddox



Julia fascinates Van Heflin in "Wings Of The Hawk."



Stephen McNally falls in "Stand At Apache River."

**any girl can be**

# *Fascinating*

**A**NY WOMAN can be fascinating by studying her responsiveness to life. After watching how well Julia Adams is doing in Hollywood, I'm fully convinced she's been aware of that all along. But there is more to her than the gayety of youth and a hint of true sophistication.

For one thing her beauty is real. She is someone who doesn't have to be artificial or flamboyant to be definitely all woman. Her big hazel eyes animatedly disclose an amazing range of feelings. Her lips reveal generosity, humor and character. Her hair has a soft sheen and still is its original warm brown shade. She wouldn't dream of whacking it off to seem boyish. A willowy-five-feet-six, she weighs a teasing hundred

and twenty and her all-around distribution is an exciting improvement on the Venus de Milo. Her walk is especially graceful, to put it mildly.

Her voice is velvety and woos the ear because she decided to obtain a clear enunciation and shun shrillness or a monotonous tone like poison. She's at home with herself because she wouldn't be swayed from making the most of her potentialities. And she isn't provincial because Hollywood is her headquarters. Thanks to her studio, she's been sent on numerous personal appearances in key cities and besides living up to all expectations she's squeezed in a lot of sight-seeing that has expanded her own outlook.

Julia has a keen mind and (CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

Julia's married  
to Leonard Sterns,  
a screenwriter.



It's hard to believe,  
but Julia used to  
be a tomboy.





The devotion of Audrey and Greg Peck puzzles everyone.



Ex-fiance Jim Hanson would not share her with a career.



With Cecil B. DeMille at luncheon given in her honor.



In "Roman Holiday," Audrey is dynamic, pert, whimsical.

"I want to get married,"  
beguiling Audrey Hepburn has said.  
And now, with critics and public alike at her feet, is she on the brink of finding the one thing that would give her life real fulfillment?

by Elsie Lee

# AUDREY'S

"I LOVE the life I live, and I live the life I love. But it is my sole wholehearted ambition to have a career without being a career woman. I want a husband, a home and children."

These are the words of the most dynamic, startling and colorful personality to hit the American screen in the last two decades; a beguiling, hoydenish, winsome brunette by the name of Audrey Hepburn, who wants to be a great movie star—and to be loved for herself, too!

Not since the advent of Greta Garbo, has a European importation been welcomed to these shores with such acclaim. Thanks to one play, "Gigi," and one movie, "Roman Holiday," she has been deluged with all the superlatives in the book—from both critics and public alike. A great new star is born!

Audrey has been described as "romantic; fey; puckish; whimsical; demure; mischievous; pert; naive; passionate; captivating; beguiling; sensitive." Gifted with a long-legged grace, a mobile face with big, slanted dark eyes, and a rich, slightly clotted voice, she has brought a breath of new fresh life to the screen.

With the whole world at her feet any girl of 24 should be a happy girl. But to her closest intimates, Audrey Hepburn is far from that. After a young life crammed with anguish, heartbreak and deprivation, she wants more than anything in the world not to be alone any longer!

"Lonesomeness is a frightful thing," says Audrey. "It has been a constant shadow in my life. It has torn me away from all the things I loved most, and kept me away from the things I wanted to love next!"

To know the actress Audrey Hepburn, Hollywood's newest, most captivating star, is to know the off-screen girl herself. During the run of the successful Gilbert Miller production of "Gigi," Audrey Hepburn was a girl madly, head-over-heels in love. It didn't last long, but it lasted long enough.

The man was an eligible, stuffy Englishman by the name of Jim Hanson. His wealth was the wealth of a maharajah, but he lacked one thing: an understanding of a girl's professional ambitions. He couldn't believe that any girl—offered millions, an ineffable English charm, and solid but rather dull, roots—would prefer a tawdry life in grease-paint, before footlights.

To a close friend, Audrey lamented, "Jim doesn't understand. He doesn't believe that a career can be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



Audrey started as  
a dancer in Holland.



# SEARCH FOR LOVE



Were love scenes with  
Greg Peck real thing?



# WHAT'S HAPPENED TO

# JEFF?



Jeff, wife Marjorie, and their two daughters, Dana and Jamie.



In "East Of Sumatra" with Susan Ball. Jeff's admitted he's moody.



How long can Jeff keep a smile on his face to cover up an inner void?



Much goes on behind the calm, light-hearted surface of Jeff Chandler and the loneliness he feels inside, now that his marriage is broken up, is beginning to manifest itself, for he's a man who needs a home and family

by Jack Holland



Surrounded by native girls in "East Of Sumatra." Jeff's been unhappy over his roles, wants to do more worthwhile things.

**H**OLLYWOOD got another blow recently when Marjorie and Jeff Chandler separated.

This was the second time around for these two likeable people, a previous separation ending in a reconciliation. All seemed to be going well and then suddenly the lid blew off again.

When people began asking, "What happened?" they ran into a blank wall. It wasn't the usual case of nobody wanting to talk. Naturally, Jeff wasn't going to discuss the intimate details of a situation that was a real heart-breaker. But even those closest to him and Marjorie just shook their heads and said, "We don't get it. We haven't the vaguest idea why they have broken up."

So how do you define incompatibility? What happens when a couple very much in love decides they cannot continue to live together in spite of a love? What makes them tear up roots and go their separate ways?

Shortly after Jeff and Marjorie went back together the first time, he commented about how moody he was. Being a sensitive person he was given to depressions and to a desire to be alone at times.

"I had to learn," he said then, "that I couldn't inflict my moods on others. I had to learn to share a life."

He mentioned a trip he and Marjorie took shortly after their reconciliation during which Jeff found himself lapsing into a moody silence. Tension began to

creep between them again, but the minute he knew what he was doing he snapped out of it and came to.

"I have found that it's a lot better to think less of yourself and more of those you love," Jeff said seriously. "You think that self is pretty important until that's all you have left."

There was no doubt but that Jeff liked no part of the bachelor's life. For a while he had lived at the studio in his dressing room. He tried to act happy, but his gaiety was on the surface. He was a restless, lonely guy who wanted a home and nothing else. He is the fireside and slippers type and not the night club glamour boy.

For a while, some people thought that there was career conflict in the Chandler household. It was rumored that Marjorie wanted to resume her career but that Jeff didn't approve. Yet, those close to the family realized that Marjorie was anything but a frustrated career woman. She liked her work but her home was even more important to her.

There might have been a basis for career talk when it came to Jeff's case.

It hasn't been any great secret that he has not been too pleased with some of his roles. Perhaps his happiest moment was when he officially died as *Cochise* in a short scene for "Son Of Cochise," and turned over the tomahawk to Rock Hudson who (CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)





**EBRA**

# SPEAKS FOR

"It gets upsetting to have others actually giving the answers for you," says Debra Paget

by Mildred Gibson



With Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner at Hollywood party. "My private life is not dull and listless."



Fighting off Dick Egan in "Demetrius And The Gladiators." She became a blonde for this role.

"I CAN'T help but smile when I hear about my lonely way of life," said luscious Debra Paget, who's no longer the quiet little mouse she was. "I could fill dozens of hope chests with all the unfounded stories and items about my dateless nights . . . my family apron strings . . . my lack of a romantic interest . . .

"It gets upsetting to have others decide what your hopes and dreams are; actually giving the answers for you. For a change, I'd like to speak up for myself.

"I do not live a lonely, dateless life!

"I am not unhappy. Do you realize there are 10 of us in the family who live at home? Ten! The other night when we gave a birthday party for my brother, Frank, the walls really bulged.

"How can you be frustrated and desolate with such a madcap bunch around? Honestly, you should hear my father snort when he reads some of those items that describe my *cloistered* home life. 'Wonder what Debra Paget they're describing?' he grins. 'Couldn't be *my* little girl!'"

You begin to understand her father's point of view when you consider "silent, sheltered" Debra's favorite after-dinner sport is wrestling!

"We have five television sets at home," she explained, "because no two of us like the same program. When we do get together in the living room, I love to try out some new wrestling hold I've seen on my nearest victim."

The other evening it was her brother, Frank, who received the latest version of a half-Nelson. The two were having a great time rolling on the floor, when Deb's head suddenly connected with the new wrought-iron coffee table.

"Oh!" gasped Frank all a-twitter, "did we hurt the table?"

There's definitely no special star treatment for Debra. "How could there be? We're all actors. We really need a system with such a large family; that's why we each have certain household chores whether we're working or not. Everybody pitches in and does her share.



# HERSELF!

"Mother or my older sister, Tela, take turns cooking, while I always draw the short straw and wind up washing the dishes. But I'm taking care of that. Whenever I do the shopping, I always come home prepared with paper plates and cups. That saves an hour of doing the dishes!"

Seems giving a party, Paget style, doesn't demand a lot of planning.

"Some member of the family is always bringing home friends, so we just keep the freezer stocked with ice cream, syrups and whipped cream," she confided.

**W** I ACTUALLY shudder when I read those 'she's ruled with an iron rod' stories," she continued. "I don't know of any 19-year-old who could have more freedom and is so urged to make her own decisions.

"Everyone seems to pick on the idea that mother accompanies me everywhere. Well, I'd like to explain that once and for all. My mother grew up in show business. She knows acting like most people do their own face. I like her to be on the set with me. It makes me feel assured that she's not only rooting for me, but is handy to point out some deeper meaning in a dramatic scene than is at first visible. Some stars have drama coaches or secretaries constantly with them, so what's so strange about mother being with me? After all, who would have my best interests more at heart than she?"

Debra paused for a moment and then smiled, "Well now, I didn't have any idea of getting on a soapbox." Her laugh was easy and relaxed. "It's just such a welcome change to speak for myself, instead of reading what others say I do."

When Deb's at home, there's no end to the whirligig of things to do.

"What really turned into a project was fixing the playroom. It runs the length of the house. Mother and I gave that floor seven complete waxings until it graduated from a boy's room to a ballroom. But my sister, Lisa, who injured her back three (CONTINUED ON PAGE 61)



"I don't know of any 19-year-old who has more freedom."



The non-conformist streak in Garry Moore, which got him expelled from high school and fired by CBS, keeps him a favorite with audiences to whom he is the epitome of the little kid in all of us. He's made a sense of humor pay off

by Al Moritz



## BAD BOY

**G**ARRY MOORE was thrown out of high school. To keep the record straight—Garry Moore was thrown out of two high schools. In fact, he never has been graduated. Today his radio and television fans love him for his non-conformity, but it was this same non-conformity, hyped by youthful enthusiasm, that kept him always "on the carpet" during his school days.

When I went over to interview Garry Moore in the CBS offices, it actually was renewing an old friendship. Garry Moore, or T. Garrison Morfit (*that's what his birth certificate shows*) was just one year ahead of me at "City," a high school for boys in Baltimore. In fact, Garry and I had acted together in plays in that high school.

My memories of the "bad boy" have been very vivid over the number of years that our paths had separated, and I was quite pleased to have the chance to talk over old times and laugh again over the pranks that kept Garry in continual hot water with the high school authorities.

After the preliminary "how do's" were over, I said to him, "You know, Garry, twenty years ago we never used the expression 'juvenile delinquent' but I'll bet if we had, they would have called you 'Baltimore's Public Delinquent Number One.'"

For, Garry Moore in high school was certainly at the top of the list of "bad boys." But then, who's to say what a bad boy is? To define the meaning of the words "bad boy" you would need the Messrs. Webster, Funk and Wagnalls, plus a few competent psychologists, and they would probably still find Garry Moore an espe-

No sponsor or network executive can tell Garry how to do a show.



Garry's popularity proves that he never underestimates fans.





## MAKES GOOD

cially difficult case to fit into any pigeon-hole. Perhaps under the newer ideas of education the energy of a bright, fun-loving boy like Garry can be channeled, but in the boys' high school which we attended, there was strict discipline and no allowances could be made for his bursts of fun. What the faculty of the high school meant by "bad boy" when they threw Garry out was simply that he was a non-conformist. He just refused to behave in what was then considered the correct pattern of behavior.

So Garry Moore was thrown out of high school. In fact, while we were reminiscing, I discovered that he actually never was graduated from high school, and to make the scandal even juicier, that he was not only thrown out of Baltimore City High School, but before he entered there he had been kicked out of the private McDonough High School for boys.

I think the really great thing about Garry is that this did not dampen his spirits and his basic ideas of the way he should behave. For he still follows his own set of standards, no matter what the consequences may be. Nothing has ever been drastic enough to force him to conform to what was against his own better judgment.

As an example, last year, as many of you know, Garry Moore, his entire cast and his staff were fired, "lock, stock, and barrel" from the Columbia Broadcasting System. On one morning they were fired and on the same evening they were hired back, en masse. The entire fracas revolved around Garry's refusal to do a quiz or panel show in place of his regular show. He had questioned (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



Time hasn't yet dampened the spirits of the prankish kid.







*Danton Walker's*



Liz Taylor shopped in N. Y., continued in Italy.

# HOLLYWOOD ON BROADWAY

AT WORK OR PLAY VISITING HOLLYWOOD STARS CAN SET BLASE NEW YORK BACK ON ITS HEELS



Ezio Pinza, Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld and Danny Kaye harmonize in their own unique way at U.N. staff party.



Rosalind Russell welcomes Ray Milland, a guest at her small but brilliant party at N. Y.'s Pen & Pencil Restaurant.

**T**HERE'S a 40 karat star sapphire, set in platinum and surrounded by ten round diamonds waiting to be picked up and paid for in a Madison Avenue jeweler—the ring, inscribed "Rita from Dick, all my love, eternally yours" was selected last July, put in work in August (after a deposit was given), completed in September . . . but up to the time of the Hayworth-Haymes marriage it hadn't been called for. Maybe Dick, what with all his other troubles, felt the balance of \$11,000 a little too steep for him right now . . .

MGM's Elaine Stewart, one of the nation's most highly-publicized film players, is still not easily recognizable when she strolls around town on Park, Fifth or Third Avenues. It isn't until her name is mentioned that moviegoers do a double-take and spot the glamorous young actress. Could be because she's such a natural beauty and so conservatively dressed that she eludes detection. At the Bon Soir she was mistaken for Ella Raines whom she least resembles, and again for Ava Norring who should be pleased with the compliment . . .

Joanne Gilbert, the singer who's making her movie debut in "Red Garters," left her table at the Baccara, stepped into the kitchen and whipped up a batch of chocolate-chip cookies on a dare. Ralph Meeker—now dieting—was forced to eat all twelve of them at one sitting since he goaded Joanne into baking them in the first place . . .

**S**CRIBE Kyle Crichton returned to New York after Joan Crawford decided against having him ghost write her autobiography. Big story behind her decision. The "Torch Song" star will wait until 1955 before doing it.

Lisa Ferraday has finally let loose with a broadside, side-swiping the celebrated Gabor glamour girls—sisters Eva, Zsa Zsa, Magda, and "Mamma" Jolie. "I'm not a Hungry-gabor-ian, I'm a Roumanian," said Lisa at "21."





Rita Hayworth, Dick Haymes and Jack Entratter, their best man. There's big star sapphire ring waiting for Rita here.

Continuing, she said, "Let's get it straight—the Gabors do not bother me, they bore me. They're Gaboring in every sense of the word!" The lovely Lisa, whom many say combines all the chic and talent of the four Gabors rolled into one, managed a haunting Mona Lisa smile as she said that. With the Corinne Calvet-Zsa Zsa Gabor "feud" now a thing of the past, the Ferraday-Gabors verbal tussle may well be our next page one news in New York. Round One goes to Lisa in the preliminaries . . .

The Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding entourage requested private elevator service whenever they tramped from one department store to another during a Gotham shopping spree—they got it, too, particularly when the doting parents entered a store followed closely by their one secretary and their baby's governess. As they approached an elevator, Liz and Mike would step aside to permit their child and its nurse and the secretary to enter first—the Wildings would then step in last, ensuring complete privacy as the lift soared aloft. Other department store customers didn't dare try to get aboard, not after Liz and Mike saw to it that the doors slammed shut as quickly as they had opened . . .

**T**HERE were so many movie producers and directors on hand for singer-comedienne Kaye Ballard's opening at the Blue Angel, it looked as though Charlie Morrison's Hollywood club Mocambo had transplanted its premiere guest list to Gotham's East 55th Street. Sam Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Pasternak, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Fred Zinnemann, Charles Walters, George Seaton and Preston Sturges lent an executive air to the proceedings as the Ballard Ball-of-Fire scored a sensational hit with the cafe patrons. She headed for Hollywood—the Mocambo—with glowing notices and enough "call me" cards from the movie moguls to insure half a dozen screen tests. Bob Hope, Ray Milland, Perry Como, Guy Mitchell, Jack Benny, Reggie Gardiner, Lou Costello and Roger Dann were among the many stags (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)



Gloria Grahame, before leaving on *Ile de France* with Cy Howard, gave quite a performance in a 5th Ave. dept. store.



While in the East, Bob Hope, here with Vice President Nixon, attended National Celebrities Golf Tourney in Washington.



Maureen O'Hara, with Chill Williams at Hollywood premiere, is being paged for the N. Y. stage production of "Ulysses."

Ann Sothorn, at Stork Club with Dolores Mender, was so mobbed by fans at airport plane for Hollywood was delayed.







Maggi McNellis interviewing Audrey Hepburn, Hollywood's newest star, at the Cafe de la Paix of the St. Moritz Hotel.

**E**DDIE FISHER's most consistent dating has been with Patricia Marand, the "Wish You Were Here" star of the famed musical—and it was Hal Block, former "What's My Line?" panelist, who had to step out of Patricia's life when Eddie walked in . . .

*Helayne and Red Buttons had planned building a new home in swank Sands Point, Long Island; that was before Red and Jackie Gleason began their mysterious feuding. Jackie, as everyone knows, lives in an elegant mansion on Long Island's celebrated North Shore and he voiced an opinion that Sands Point wasn't "big enough" for both. If Red moved in, Jackie would move out. The Red Buttons have decided to remain in their New York Sutton*



Red Skelton, with son Richard and daughter Valentina, has his doctors worried again. He refuses to stay on his diet.

# MAGGI'S

*Listening in on what's going on behind the scenes*



Marge and Gower Champion had a few mishaps before their telecast with Marjorie Trumbull, but came thru sensationally.

*Place apartment for the time being. Meanwhile, friends of both ace comedians are trying to get them to patch up their differences. Sands Point may not be "big enough" for them both, but the screens of millions of TV sets throughout America are . . .*

It was nip 'n tuck over which brought in more shekals when Liberace appeared in New York at Carnegie Hall for a one-night concert—the box-office sale or lobby promotion and salesmen who unloaded so many Liberace recordings the customers had to be separated—the box-office patrons to the left, the disc-buyers to the right. When the Liberace fans tried to do both, bedlam ensued and Liberace took home another heavy bundle of loot proving he's one of TV's greatest attractions . . .

TV fans of "The Doctor"—Warner Anderson, that is—are going to be mighty pleased with the acting stint turned in by their video favorite in the Columbia film version of "The Caine Mutiny." Despite the veteran Hollywood actors, Van Johnson, Humphrey Bogart and Fred MacMurray who share the spotlight with Warner in the famous court-martial scene in Herman Wouk's celebrated story, TV's "Doc" makes every moment count in the role of *Captain Blakely*, presiding officer in the



# PRIVATE WIRE By MAGGI McNELLIS

*in television—the latest news, views, doings of video personalities and bits of gossip*



Ralph Edwards, here with the Bob Cummingses and Mrs. Edwards, wants to bring "Mr. Hush" and "Walking Man" to TV.

court-martial sequence. With a top role in Jimmy Cagney's "A Lion Is In The Streets" also to his credit, looks as if the popular TV star will be commuting between both mediums—movies and video—and what Anderson fan will complain about that? . . .

If CBS-TV's early morning show, "Laughtime," isn't one of TV's most amusing daytime shows, I'll eat my new Sally Victor chapeau. Those Buster Keaton comedies are the very end—a wonderful way to start the day . . .

Wonder if Virginia Field and Willard Parker didn't play it smart when they were suggested for the supporting roles opposite Mark Stevens and Coleen Gray in "Kiss And Forget," TV film for Ford Theatre. The pair, married in private life, play husband and wife in the film. They told their agent they didn't think they were "right" for the roles in the Ford show because they were "too much in love" for an acting married couple. The Parkers indicated their off-screen marital bliss might rub off during the performance and no TV viewer would accept anyone being *that* much in love. And don't you know they got the assignments the very next day! . . .

Sylvia Sidney who made her (CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



Laurie Anders may like the wide open spaces on Ken Murray's show but she also favors 6 in. heels on her 150 prs. of shoes.



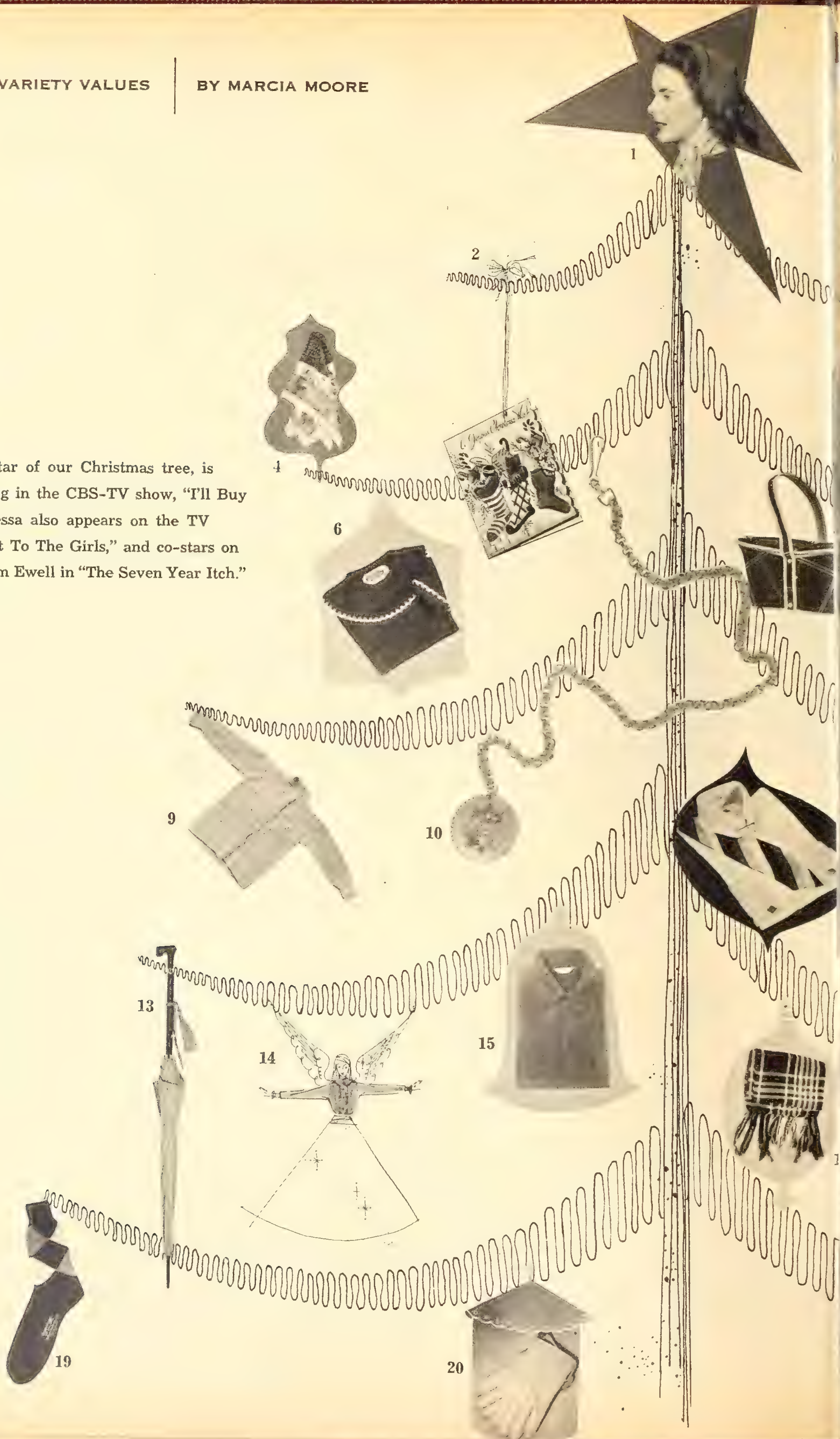
Bob Crosby's job on Jack Benny's radio show is a pushover compared to his chores on his afternoon TV musical jamboree.

Arthur and Kathryn Murray will pay Greta Garbo \$50,000 if she'll do a five-minute guest appearance on their TV show.





Vanessa Brown, star of our Christmas tree, is currently appearing in the CBS-TV show, "I'll Buy That." Busy Vanessa also appears on the TV program, "Leave It To The Girls," and co-stars on Broadway with Tom Ewell in "The Seven Year Itch."





# - - - AT THE PRESENT TIME

1. Vanessa Brown models this pixie-like hat with pony tail effect kept in place by a gold ring. The front head band gives it a snug fit. \$1. Satin scarf with ballerina motif \$1.98. Both from GRANT'S.

2. A beautiful Art Guild Christmas card. At VARIETY Stores.

3. Hand crafted leather belt at S. S. KRESGE Co. for \$1.29.

4. Pure silk printed scarf, assorted patterns, colors. 79c. GREEN'S.

5. "Rain Dears" by LUCKY PLASTICS. To keep you dry! \$2.

6. Angora trim sweater. Sizes 34-40. At KRESS Stores for \$2.98. It is 100% Zephyr wool, and comes in green, white, pink and aqua.

7. A teen age bag for \$1.25. In plaid, calf or corduroy. GRANT'S. Both sides open and bag is equipped with coin holder and comb.

8. McLELLAN'S bunny-fun slippers. 98c. Sizes 2-8. Red, blue, pink.

9. This soft baby sweater which comes packaged with booties and bonnet is available at KRESGE'S for \$1.98. It comes in pastel colors.

10. Aluminum "Dog Leash" belt. Assorted pendants. 98c. At KRESS'.

11. For the young man in the family—shirt, tie, cuff links and tie pin—all in one for \$2.98. Sizes 6 to 16. White only. W. T. GRANT.

12. An adorable Patricia Ann model which can be purchased at McLELLAN Stores for \$1.69. In sizes 1-3. Yellow, maize, mint, pink.

13. A well-constructed, attractive umbrella for \$3.98. W. T. GRANT.

14. A bit of ruffle, a bit of lace. An acetate rayon blouse for all occasions. It comes in sizes 32 to 44. For \$3.98 at W. T. GRANT.

15. What the well dressed sportsman will wear! KRESS has this fine corduroy shirt in blue, brown, green and red. \$3.95. Sizes S-M-L.

16. To be worn as a head warmer or as a long scarf—just to keep you warm! This plaid stole for \$1. In assorted plaids. H. L. GREEN.

17. Another wonderful Art Guild Christmas card. VARIETY Stores.

18. An angora hat band which can be worn tied under the chin or as modeled by Vanessa Brown, tied in back of the head. KRESS'. \$1.69.

19. Genuine Argyle men's socks in soft spun cotton. In popular sizes, at 69c a pair—or two for \$1.29. S. S. KRESGE Company.

20. Men's leather gloves which come in regular sizes. Fleece lined or unlined, they are \$1.98. In black or brown. McLELLAN'S.

5

8

12

17

18





2



3



4



5



6

## ... AT THE PRESENT TIME CONT'D

1. Vanessa Brown models Coro's jet and rhinestone jewelry. Necklace \$5, earrings \$2, and matching bracelet (*not shown*), \$3. She's wearing D'Amico's "Coronation Cut" hairpiece.

2. Marxie-ette's rubber "Totes" come in white, navy or black. Select tassels in school colors. For \$2.98 at leading stores.

3. Indian Maid moccasin with white bunny fur collar comes in white, black and pastels. \$2.99. 4. Turkish-toe scuff comes in natural-color Persian print. \$3.99. 5. Bunny fur scuff, \$2.99, in black, white, colors. HONEYBUGS make these slippers.

6. Pearl and gold necklace with adjustable clasp, \$12.50. The arrow pin, \$7.50. By MARVELLA. At fine stores everywhere.



The "Jane Pickens Show"  
is heard coast-to-coast, six times a week,  
on the NBC Radio Network  
Monday through Friday, 2:45-2:55 P.M. EST.  
and Thursday, 10:35-11:00 P.M. EST.



## RECORD ROUNDUP

BY JANE PICKENS

### Tops In Movie Music

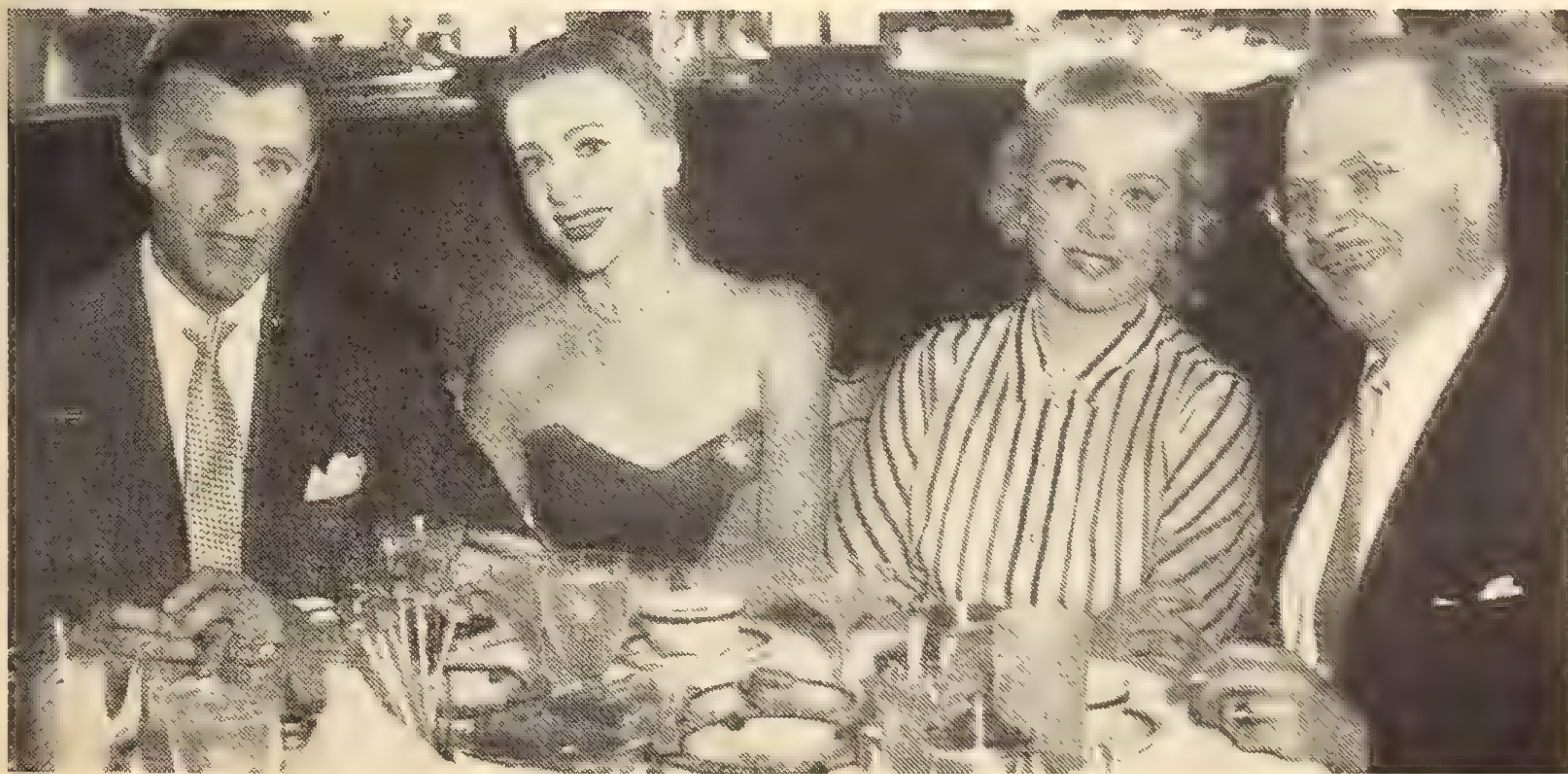
**B**ING CROSBY's "The Magic Window" and "Cela M'Est Egal—If It's All The Same To You," both from "Little Boy Lost," for Decca . . . Buddy Morrow's "Re-Enlistment Blues," from "From Here To Eternity," and "Quarter To Twelve" for Victor . . . Frankie Laine's "Blowing Wild," from film of same name, and "Answer Me, Lord Above" for Columbia . . . MGM's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" album, with Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell . . . Blue Barron's "That's Amore," from "The Caddy," and "Till We Love Again" for MGM . . . "I'll Be Around" and "Theme From The Joe Louis Story," both from "The Joe Louis Story," by George Bassman for MGM . . . "You're The Right One," from "The

Caddy," and "I Should Have Told You Long Ago" by Bob Santa Maria for MGM . . . Hoagy Carmichael's "When Love Goes Wrong," from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and "Love Will Soon Be Here" for Capitol . . . Rosemary Clooney's "Shoo, Turkey, Shoo" and "Lonely Am I" for Columbia . . . "I'll Buy The Ring" and "Hula Lou" by Danny Kaye for Decca . . . "So This Is Love," from film of same name, and "Julie," from "Take The High Ground," by Le Roy Holmes for MGM . . . Rudy Vallee's "Taps," from "From Here To Eternity," and "The Whiffenpoof Song" for Victor . . .

### Other Toppers

**E**DDIE FISHER'S "Many Times" and "Just To Be With You" for Victor

. . . Kay Starr's "When My Dreamboat Comes Home" and "Swamp Fire" for Capitol . . . Tex Beneke's "Danny's Hideaway" and "Mr. Peepers" for Coral . . . "Coco Bongo" and "A Foggy Day" by Sauter-Finegan for Victor . . . Ray Anthony's "Dragnet" and "Dancing In The Dark" for Capitol . . . Perry Como's "You Alone" and "Papaya Mama" for Victor . . . Fran Warren's "Shake A Hand" and "The Angel Passed By" for MGM . . . "I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know" and "Anymore" by Toni Arden for Columbia . . . Percy Faith's "In Love" and "Many Times" . . . "Dansero" and "No More Tears" by Ginny Gibson for MGM . . . Eartha Kitt's "I Want To Be Evil" and "Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore" for Victor . . . Stan Freberg's "St. George And The Dragonet" and "Little Blue Riding Hood" for Capitol . . . "Embrasse" and "Melancolie" by Felicia Sanders for Columbia . . . Vic Damone's "Ebb Tide" and "If I Could Make You Mine" for Mercury . . . Alan Dean's "Why Do You Pretend" and "Don't Make Me Love You" for MGM . . .



Songstress Ann Jeffreys and husband, Bob Sterling, have a wedding party reunion at Stork with songstress Monica Lane and husband, John Springer.

### Grab Bag

**D**AVID ROSE's "Music To Love By" album for MGM . . . "Beware" and "Who Put The Devil In Evelyn's Eyes" by the Mills Brothers for Decca . . . Jo Stafford and Frankie Laine's "New Orleans" album for Columbia . . . "Istanbul" and "I Should Have Told You Long Ago" by the Four Lads for Columbia . . . Joel Grey's "Too Young To Tango" and "The Ta-Ta-Ta Song" for MGM . . . Ralph Flanagan's "Peter Piper Boogie" and "Something Special" for Victor . . .





Debbie Reynolds, currently in "Give A Girl A Break," waits for Santa to see what gifts of fragrance he'll bring this year.



# CHRISTMAS CLOSE-UPS



Here are new stars in a parade of gifts that should take care of every name on your list

**S**ANTA CLAUS' helpers have stolen the spot-light again and done a bang-up job on their gift selecting. Don't be surprised at their limiting themselves to perfumes, cosmetics and toiletries. They know that these convey a message that is both personal and flattering. Prices are appealing too, especially so when you consider how long these presents will continue to give pleasure.

The first little angel above has chosen a gay gift of Richard Hudnut's Gemey perfume, all done up in a frosty white violin. No wonder she looks so smugly content; it's priced at \$1.75. Just below her, another cherubic charmer

shows off Ann Delafield's Glamour-Eyes Compact. The kit holds everything a girl could want in the way of eye makeup but it sells for only \$2.00. Next is a Christmasy remembrance from Houbigant—a miniature tree with a trunk of Swivelstick. The stick perfume comes in three famous fragrances, at \$1.50 each. That attractive double picture frame is Max Factor's idea for making complexions prettier with Creme Puff and a Color-fast lipstick. \$2.35 takes it. The last little angel is almost late because her bundle is largest, a fine \$1.00 Woodbury-Jergens set for budding American beauties. The flight of angels below leads off

with a gift of Lentheric's Cream Sachet in a Sno-Mitten package (\$1.75). Following it is a Nosegay Bath Set; Dorothy Gray's newest fragrance, in cologne and dusting powder (\$2.00). The men come in for their share of pampering in the Palmolive set with giant tube of shave cream and sturdy flacon of after shave lotion (\$1.79). Cutex gives nail beauty a boost with a clear plastic suitcase full of all manicure needs, plus a lipstick (\$2.50). And lastly, the prize that nearly got away from its angel—the Coty poodle, powder and lipstick. \$2.50.

By **ELIZABETH LAPHAM**





# SCENES THEY CENSOR HERE AND ABROAD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

films that should be looked upon as something of a menace to the public. But not poor, sweet, well-meaning *Caroline*. What was she guilty of? Taking a bath in the all-together? What could be cleaner, *mon cher*? Or of being a beautiful and highly-desirable young woman with absolutely natural impulses and passions? What could be healthier?" As she asked these questions, so did her sloe-burning eyes.

At this point, vital and good-looking Christian-Jacque (*who will become Miss Carol's husband as soon as her divorce is final from Stephen Crane, Lana Turner's ex-spouse*) eagerly entered the conversation. Having directed some of Europe's best-known female stars—Miss Carol, Gina Lollobrigida, Danielle Darrieux, Edwige Feuillere, Antonella Lualdi—in such deliciously frank films as "Fanfan The Tulip," "Adorable Creatures," and the about-to-be-released "Lucretia Borgia," he is easily an outstanding expert on the special attributes of the fair sex in the eternal game of love.

"Everyone in the French film industry was concerned about the outcome of the 'Caroline Cherie' incident," he began. "You see, in France, only one group and one group alone has the right to censor films—ours, American, all that come into the country. It is made up half of laymen from all professions and half of experts from the film industry itself. Their decisions are always highly confidential and are never released to the general public. Once they approve pictures for release, no individual or group in any part of France has the right to make additional cuts or to ban a showing. There is one exception, however. Under the law, if a film is so controversial that it inflames the public and incites them to riot, it can be what you call yanked on the spot."

I explained to Martine and Christian how our censorship set-up differs from theirs—how local city and state censor boards can make cuts, alterations and can even ban films even though they have already received the Seal of Approval from the Breen office. They were somewhat surprised at this situation in the U.S.A. After revealing some of the particular flagrancies our censor boards watched for, I asked what the French authorities sought to eliminate from films they screened.

Martine was the first to reply. "In general, we have a sensible attitude. The board looks for things like extreme immorality, unusually brutal violence, and the re-enactment of crimes recently committed—cases where the individuals or families involved are still alive. They also have an eye open for unattractive portrayals of French nationals. And that's about it. To show a tender and realistic bedroom scene, or an intimate but humorous love scene, is not considered immoral. It is assumed to be an accurate portrait of life. I will never understand why in the United States certain cuts were ordered in the beautiful and sensitive 'The Devil In The Flesh.'

Some of Gerard Philipe's scenes with Micheline Presle as they lay together so passionately in love were poignantly beautiful. I can't see how anyone who knows life and who has ever loved could possibly consider them vulgar or immoral."

"On the other hand," chimed in Christian-Jacque, "I can't understand why such a witty, amusing picture as 'La Ronde' has been banned in New York. It's all tongue-in-cheek and certainly much less harmful to the public than any dozen or more American gangster pictures I could name for you. It couldn't possibly offend anybody over sixteen."

Inasmuch as a couple of scenes in "Caprice Of Caroline Cherie" showed Martine nude to the waist in both front and rear shots, I was sure that both the enticing French star and her fiance would have some definite views on the subject of nudity in films. It was Christian-Jacque who took the lead in discussing the matter.

"A beautiful body to me is always in the same class as a beautiful work of art," he began. "If a woman is endowed by nature with a body of historic proportions, why on earth should she hide it? In 'Caprice Of Caroline Cherie,' for example, there is a very charming scene where Martine has to jump up suddenly from her bath and is exposed to the waist.

In another scene, shot from the rear, she is shown walking to her bath displaying one of the loveliest backs in existence. Martine is blessed with a heavenly body and I see no reason why the public should be deprived of views of it when the story of the film and the character she is portraying call for it. I have often said that if Martine and I should have a son, I would prefer that he saw a dozen undraped women in the movies to a single film dealing with wanton killing and premeditated brutality."

Then, grinning from ear to ear, he added the following. "You Americans have such magnificent specimens of female beauty—women like Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Jane Russell and many, many others. And yet, you show so little of them. I resent it. Why a girl has to stick a rose in her bosom or put on a heavy string of pearls when she wears a low-cut gown, I'll never know. What you give with one hand, you take away with the other. It is very frustrating!"

That, I said, was a man's point of view. But how did Martine feel about this issue? She leaned forward, so that I got not only a whiff of her perfume, but also a clearer indication of her physical gifts.

"Well, generally, I feel as Christian does, and you'll find that he is expressing the typical French attitude," she explained. "We just don't consider that the sight of a beautiful nude body is lewd. However, we think it is vulgar to show



Says French star Martine Carol, "We just don't consider that the sight of a beautiful nude body is lewd. But it is vulgar to show complete nudity."



complete nudity or to display extremely revealing clothes on cheap and unattractive women."

Martine's viewpoint was supported by other French stars whom I queried on the censorship subject. Colette Marchand, whom you saw in "Moulin Rouge" and who is the possessor of an exquisite pair of gams, had this to say: "Would you dream of covering up a beautifully-molded statue? It would be ridiculous. In the same way, I think it is a mistake to hide the beauty of an attractively-formed torso. And besides, I think some of the lingerie displays I saw in shop windows on Broadway were more immoral than anything you could see in the nude shows at Pigalle."

Danielle Darrieux, who had made a number of films on both sides of the Atlantic, also had some very definite ideas to offer. "Americans are much too prudish and puritanical," said Danielle. "They seem to be afraid of honest emotion. This, in my estimation, is not healthy. I found that Americans spend too much time discussing sex. In France, we do not talk about sex. In fact, we never use the word in the same way you do. The one word *amour* covers everything." On the question of nudity, Danielle—who just recently starred in two delightfully-wicked spoofs on the subject of love, "La Ronde" and Christian-Jacque's "Adorable Creatures"—made this statement. "I do not see any point to nudity for the sake of sensationalism. I think it is likely that American censorship of French films may have some

justification on this point. I personally do not care for public display of the human body, and do not believe it is necessary except on the rarest possible occasions."

Danielle's reaction was similar to Giselle Pascal's. Mademoiselle Pascal, the attractive star of the soon-to-be-released adventure film, "Horizons Without End," entered the debate with this comment: "Films, as an art for the masses, need some kind of censorship. A man or woman who buys a book generally has a good idea of what is being paid for. But movies are different. Much of your audience is totally unaware of the content of the product they are buying. I think it important for heads of the French film industry to guard carefully against excesses of nudity and immorality, and excesses, in my opinion, there have been."

And so the battle of what is good or bad, what desirable or evil, what moral or immoral, and what constitutes a danger to the welfare of the young goes on. In Switzerland, youngsters under eighteen cannot even attend the movies. In Spain, kissing scenes are cut from films. For unknown reasons, "Streetcar Named Desire" has not been released for showing in Italy. "David And Bathsheba" has not been approved for Spanish audiences. Britain, on the basis of unnecessary brutality, cut scenes from "The Glass Wall," "Man In The Dark," "The Juggler" and "Quo Vadis." And Western Germany sliced the final scene from "Because You're Mine" because of German sensitivity towards any anti-militarism.



The French censors frown on all scenes of extreme brutality and wanton killing.



Martine and co-star, Raf Vallone, rehearse scene for controversial "Lysistrata." Director Christian-Jacque (with hands up) will soon wed Martine.

"Caprice Of Caroline Cherie," the Martine Carol starrer discussed in this examination of the censorship issue, has already been held up six months by United States censors who are trying to decide just how, and if, it can be shown to American audiences. On the other hand, "The Moon Is Blue," which has been attacked by many of our civic and religious groups as lewd and tasteless, will certainly have no trouble whatsoever being shown throughout France and most of Europe.

Perhaps Christian-Jacque, in his suggestion to standardize censorship on a universal basis, has a good, if supremely idealistic point that deserves everyone's careful consideration. But if and when such a standardization of censorship is made, on whose moral code would it be based? Ours? France's? Switzerland's? Spain's? And lest we forget, many of the things that all European and American audiences could accept would only horrify Asiatic and African film-goers—and vice-versa.

Though the entire question is an extremely difficult one, we all can have plenty of pleasure out of debates on what should be censored and who should do the censoring. And who would dare say that it is all work and no fun to decide whether one's fellow citizens should be allowed to see the splendidly-curved Martine Carol bathing in the nude?

Perhaps Martine is right. What could possibly be cleaner?



# IT TAKES MORE THAN MUSCLES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

the male animal might be as gentle as a lamb under the right woman's influence.

"Burt is just rough on the outside," comments one of his directors. "Inside he lives by the book, respects himself, and loves his wife. What more can you ask? I guess it's that innate decency that shows through that gets the girls!"

Ever since Burt was a kid in the tough East Harlem section of New York, he's been winning friends and holding them. "He never forgets," says Nick, who was once the small half (*physically*) of that old circus act of Lang and Cravat. "Once a friend, always a friend with Burt." Nick still works out with Burt, both of them keeping their bodies as fit as when they played fairs and carnivals with their acrobatic act, and Nick's had small parts in several of Burt's films.

Just what is this inner strength of Burt Lancaster's which draws the women so irresistibly, which makes friends out of men who started out disliking the guy—until they met him?

Says a well-known Hollywood psychologist, "Burt Lancaster is probably one of the few Hollywood actors who is completely *adjusted* to his environment. That's a term that covers a lot of ground, but in his case it means that he's adjusted to his lack of formal education and has compensated by a genuine interest in learning. It means, too, that he's comfortable in his marriage, enjoys his children, and likes his wife.

"Unlike many of the people in the entertainment world, Burt Lancaster has found out how to get along with himself, and since he's at ease with himself—accepts his good and bad points—he's able to live outside himself. He's found the best kind of security," finishes the psychologist. "The security of knowing himself for an average man."

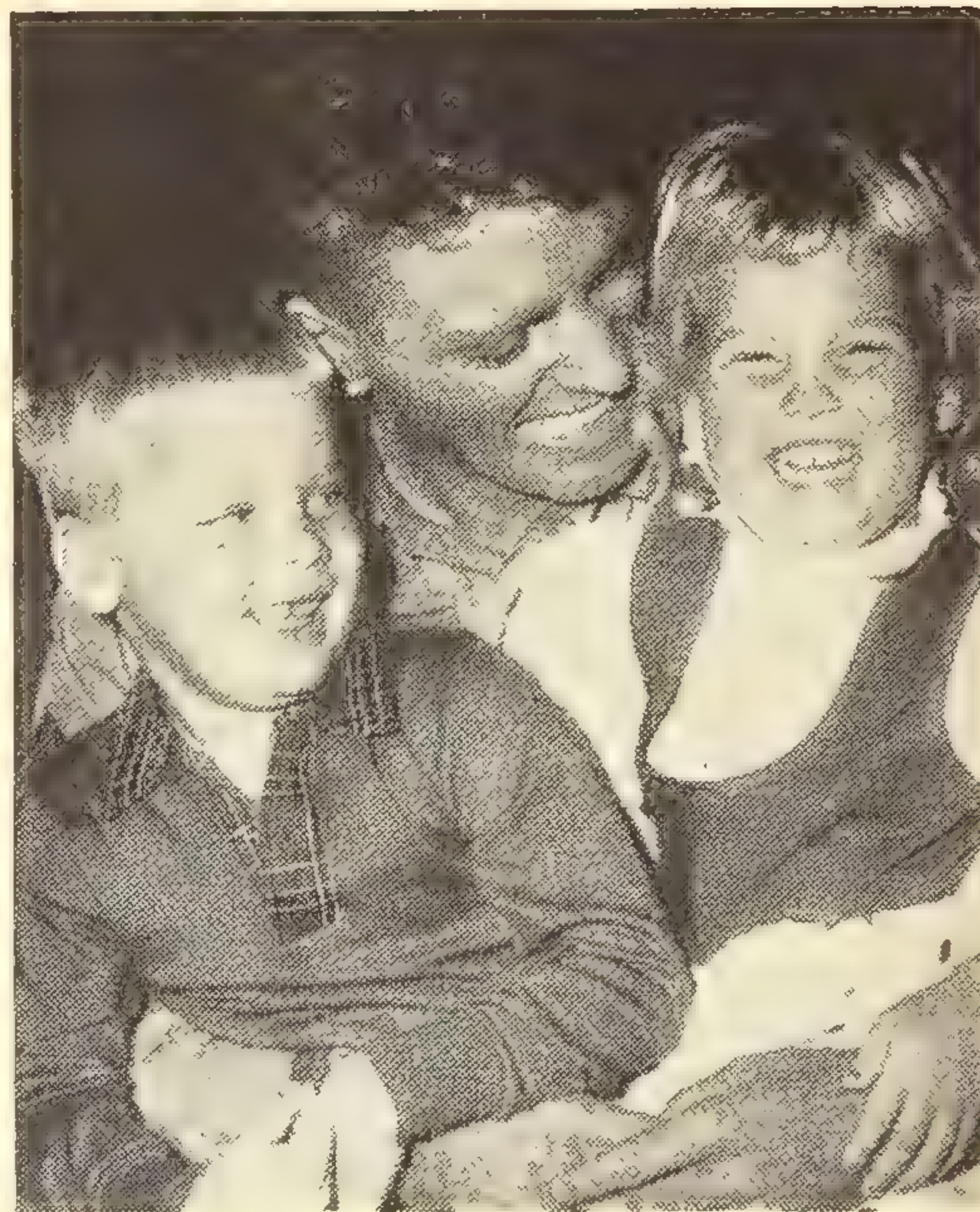
In the opinion of his fellow-actors and friends, however, this is just what makes him anything but the average man. Anyone who's ever been privileged to know Lancaster says, "Warmth . . . genuine feelings . . . not a show-off . . . natural . . . affectionate . . . and what an actor!"

Take, for instance, the brief appearance Burt made with Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town" last August. "From Here To Eternity" had just opened to rave notices; Burt's role was well-known—that of a tough Army sergeant.

Standing beside Sullivan, on the stage, Lancaster looked tough—and big—and his hair needed combing. In the Summer heat, his suit was rumpled. Easy to imagine him in uniform, enacting a hard boiled Army sergeant . . . except . . .

Except, that the tough guy had been caught by the TV cameras a scant two minutes before, sitting in the audience and singing "Happy Birthday To You" to Fritzi Scheff. Head thrown back, perfectly unconscious of himself and the audience, paying genuine tribute with the rest of the crowd to a grand old lady of the theatre.

Except, that on the stage he made an



Burt Lancaster with his children, Billy and Susan, are a happy family group.

equally spontaneous tribute to Ed Sullivan's show. "This is my own idea," he grinned, "but you know I've been around a lot of carnivals and circuses and variety shows, and I want to tell you, Ed, I think 'Toast Of The Town' is the best variety show I've ever seen."

Except . . . that at the finish of the show, when Burt Lancaster stood on the

stage with the performers, he could be seen quietly shaking hands with the acrobatic act . . . giving admiration from one old hand to another.

Wherever Burt Lancaster goes—his six foot two striding along with easy grace—from Chicago, to London's smartest hotels, to a small Pacific island—he makes friends, influences people and sets the girls to sighing. Yet you never hear even a rumor that there's a rift in the Lancaster household.

It's possible, of course, that Norma Lancaster—who's attractive enough to be a film star herself—is just as well "adjusted" as her husband. The Lancasters seem to be one couple who came to Hollywood to find fame and fortune awaiting them—and who really didn't let it go to their heads.

Almost any day you can see Mrs. Lancaster doing her shopping, her daily marketing, taking care of her children and making a nice normal relaxed home for a husband who works hard. With a home life that is as sane and comfortable as Any Home in Anytown, U.S.A., it's probably easy for Burt Lancaster to make that "adjustment" between the world of fantasy and the world of reality.

It's even more probable that some of that sane daily living comes through his screen portrayals, making him the man who is all masculine strength—but with a core of the tenderness and sweetness every woman wants in her man.

And if Burt can stand for romance to half the women of America, it's pretty obvious that he stands for a lot more than that to his wife. END

# ANY GIRL CAN BE FASCINATING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

always is eager for more knowledge on a subject. Men fond of the fading art of conversation flock towards her. She doesn't repeat petty gossip or bog down in trivialities. Her desire to be well-informed gives her a provocative, satisfying attitude. And she inevitably decorates her comments with a flash of kindness and wit. Above all, though, Julia hears superbly. She doesn't stare off into space or at somebody else disturbingly. She doesn't interrupt or feel pained if another woman gets into the conversation. She goes on listening responsively, couldn't be dragged away until a fellow finishes his point. This courtesy kills them all because it's so rare. Her thoughtfulness pays in that when she is asked her opinion men ache to pay attention. They claim they are rewarded with the sense she certainly makes.

While at work at Universal-International, where she is currently making "Wings Of The Hawk," Julia always keeps her mind on what she is doing, never complains, never gets coy, never flirts. So it's easy to see why the high regard for her at the studio carries the weight of genuine respect. Even the top favorites she's worked with—Jimmy Stewart, Rock Hudson, Tyrone Power, Glenn Ford, Stephen McNally, Van Heflin—have unani-

mously praised her as a real person.

"Actors aren't like the boy next door, but I've learned there's no need to be scared of them," Julia says. "They've been wonderful to me. They're so polite and kind. They're sensitive, so they suspect every woman loves to be treated as though she's a duchess in disguise and appreciates consideration. They're original because they have great imagination. Yet they're down-to-earth, so you're perfectly comfortable with them. Sincere? I've found those I've worked with absolutely unaffected."

Adapting to the personalities of such different male stars is just like adjusting to the variety in masculinity anywhere, Julia continues. It isn't too difficult if you realize men are astounded and then vastly pleased at being recognized openly for what they are.

"I'm not at all surprised when men wish to remain true to their own natures. I'm stubborn in the same way. I don't want to be told I'm not capable of doing my own thinking!" Her habit of giving a man the chance to admit what he is has a double effect. Men beam at the mention of Julia because her attitude is the alluring reverse of the aggressive nerve they hate in women. Also, since she doesn't



ignore the dreams a man cherishes, Julia doesn't suffer from the frustration that springs from determining to change another human being. Her bonus for refraining from being foolishly too bossy is the enchanting relaxed air with which she's blessed.

Of course, she explodes when imposed upon. She recommends blowing your top and getting it over with. "Men enjoy and remember an emphatic stand when you have just cause for not being walked on." In her case, it's literally officiousness that irks her most. "There are people who fancy they have the most important tasks in the world, or that they know everything better than anyone else possibly can. They attempt to herd you, as if you'd remained a child."

Julia delights men because she uses her head. She knows it's a personal must to be immaculate, but she's no fussing ash-tray emptier, perpetual sofa pillow smoother, or indignant protector of her furniture. She early discovered that excellent taste is a nice thing to acquire, but that it doesn't have to make you tense. She is stunning in the all red or all black sheath evening gowns that are so beautifully cut to her figure, and every designer in Hollywood now longs to create something outstandingly chic for her. But she'll never become a clothes horse because men would be appalled.

"The girl who spends most of her time debating what to wear and shopping, who makes a production out of everything she puts on, and who wants to be seen instead of contributing what she can to an invitation is apt to have more girl than boy friends!" Julia exclaims.

She's one actress who happily confesses she doesn't dote upon being domestic. She loves to decorate a new abode when she moves because she has an artistic streak. But she doesn't flutter at the faintest reference to a stove, dishwashing, or dusting. She's never going to be helpless, or run a home badly, because she's remarkably capable. But trotting to a market and carting back bundles isn't her notion of heaven on earth. Let's not kid—Julia would far rather be glamorously escorted to dinner at La Rue's than fix a little snack herself.

She early discovered there are worthwhile men who understand her wanting to fill her spare hours with more than a domestic routine. Julia was born in Waterloo, Iowa, about as far from the bright lights of fame as she could begin. Perhaps one of her most fortunate breaks was the father she recalls fondly.

"My dad was a cotton buyer whose work was chiefly in the Fall. He did what he enjoyed the rest of the year. We lived in small towns in Arkansas when I was little and I've always kept the memory of how much fun a natural life is. On the day the circus came to town Dad was as anxious to make a project of that whole day as I was. We'd get up at dawn to go down to the tracks and watch the train unload. Then we'd see the tents go up and marvel. I suppose I've always wanted to be an actress because I remember watching the circus so clearly. Life is something to marvel at, and a girl whose father takes time to teach her this is getting a solid start, I think.



"I'm not at all surprised when men wish to remain true to their own natures. I'm stubborn in the same way," admits Julia Adams, "Wings Of The Hawk" star.

"I reveled in the tomboy urge, liked to play cowboys and Indians rather than stay alone with dolls. Dad took me fishing. We had a great many dogs, and he could train them to do any trick that we thought about. I was mad about horses, and loved to ride."

She refers to Little Rock as home, as they eventually settled there. Her father died when she was fifteen. She took to school plays instinctively. She never doubted that she'd be a real actress, although it was such a far-fetched goal she received warnings she was silly whenever she confided her intention. To earn extra money she worked every Saturday in a hat shop. She went on to junior college in Little Rock, joined a sorority and was duly awed by the handsome boy, then the athletic hero, and the lad with the cutest car and snappiest patter. Because she went through each of the normal phases of growing up there are no gaps in her maturing. She tried out for every college play successfully. She took a business course, too, and during her Summer vacations was a secretary in the Arkansas State Capitol.

"I'm glad I had to be practical about acting," Julia says. "But then you have to be practical about everything!"

She was straightforward with her dates who had marriage in view. "You'll get your heart broken in Hollywood," they announced. "It's ridiculous for you to spend so much time rehearsing in plays." She didn't abandon her hope. Her try for a career came first, she explained over and over. She was willing to make her own mistakes, and profit by them.

On finishing junior college she had enough money saved to tackle either Hollywood or Broadway. She flipped a coin. California came up heads, so she bought her plane ticket one-way. The moment she first saw the million lights of

Los Angeles spread below is one she'll never erase from her heart. She hurried to the home of an aunt in Long Beach. Through her she met a girl who wanted to share an apartment near Hollywood. Julia landed a secretarial job that permitted time to study acting from Florence Enright, a distinguished dramatic coach. Up till then she didn't know she had a mid-West accent that would be a fatal handicap in itself. The dozens of diction lessons for which she budgeted ironed it out.

Plenty of persistence and patience are required after you reach Hollywood and can support yourself till you get the big break. Julia saved every dollar she could working as a secretary, so she could tide herself over during another chapter of concentration on her dramatic coaching and possibly getting an interview at a studio. Then, her money spent, she'd look in the papers and take another shorthand and typing job.

Television was her final springboard. When a hundred aspirants were auditioned for a TV comedy, Julia, Peggy Dow, Paula Raymond, and Marilyn Monroe were picked. The records indicate Marilyn was dropped before that show went on, because she needed more acting know-how.

A second TV play followed for Julia, however, and then she was asked to make her screen debut as the heroine of a B Western. This led to being set as "the girl" in six class C Westerns. If you can visualize being in those six in a total shooting time of five weeks you can estimate correctly that Julia's introduction to the movies was a prolonged, hectic initiation!

To escape from that rut she searched for a new agent as soon as she was rested enough. He managed to get her the spot as the girl in a screen test U-I was making of All-American Leon Hart. Neither



the football hero nor Julia was called back for a follow-up interview. Six long months later the executives at U-I were frantic for the right actress for the second lead in "Bright Victory." They had every test reel stuck on the shelves trotted out, and that's precisely when and how they sent for Julia at last. To everyone's bewilderment she was so right for the part she might have been born for it. A long-term contract went with it, and she's been climbing steadily ever since.

When she was a secretary she didn't array herself elaborately, didn't drive an employer crazy dolling up for the tomor-

rows she was sure were ahead. She chose freshly laundered blouses and skirts, avoided costume jewelry, resembled an actress by no stretch of the boss's imagination. She exerted her taste and intelligence, and couldn't be topped for cheerfulness, loyalty, accuracy, and punctuality. All these traits have come in handy for her as a modern star.

Julia's reticence to talk about her marriage is understood by her friends. Two-and-a-half years as the wife of a brilliant young screenwriter have resulted in stormy weather lately. But he still says about Julia, "I love her!" END

## SADIE HAYWORTH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

everything to disturb a man's senses, and whatever she does to *Reverend Davidson* in the film of my story, I think she will also do to all the men in the audience."

From Somerset Maugham this was praise indeed. In the long life of the author, and the equally long life of his masterpiece, "Rain," he had seen many great and not-so-great actresses reenact what amounts to practically an immortal theatrical role. The best were Jeanne Eagels, on the dramatic stage, June Havoc on the musical stage, Joan Crawford in the movies—and now Rita Hayworth in 3-D, no less.

Just as there isn't a rising young actress today who doesn't want to play *Peter Pan*, it is also true that there isn't a confirmed and experienced player who doesn't want to get her teeth into *Sadie Thompson*. Of all the characters that have emerged from theatrical literature, *Sadie Thompson* looms, too, as one of the most provocative roles of all.

How far does the natural make-up of a woman who acts *Sadie* project into the playing of the role itself? Quite a lot, say the experts. A prim and positive actress is likely to do less with the role than, say, a light-hearted, understanding woman who, in her own life, has had an adventurous career in romance and sex.

Says a well-known Hollywood psychologist, "A woman to be a complete woman has to have a little of the love-dalliance, as it might be termed. *Sadie Thompson*, who wore her body on her sleeve, can only be played by a woman with her heart on her sleeve. That is why Rita Hayworth, and many of the others who came before, were so good for the role."

This psychologist, however, made it plain, that an actress playing the part of *Sadie Thompson* did not have to wear her romantic garb lightly in private. Or be loose with her morals. Or take even small flirtations as she would a cocktail. But it helps!

"Dr. Kinsey," explains this same psychologist, "recognizes that in every woman there is a trait of the gypsy when it comes to changing affections. A woman in search of love, whether she is legally entitled to it, or merely beachcombing the flotsam of what is available, and finally settling for the jetsam of what can be

hers, is always likely to encounter troubled seas. In any guise—she is still a woman."

Whatever these arguments amount to—never was an actress so right for the title role of Columbia's "Miss Sadie Thompson," which no matter the trimmings, you will easily recognize as the saga of the woman that author Somerset Maugham meant her to be: a lady—censorable, but still beloved—of the leisured world.

And whatever you may think of Columbia's 3-D Technicolor opus, "Miss Sadie Thompson," you will admit one thing, that's sure. The old-time movie

vamp, who specialized in long, slinky velvet gowns, pearls the size of hens' eggs and the burning of incense in her heavily draped boudoir, is gone. Theda Bara who introduced the vamp to moviegoers 'way back in 1914, when she starred in "A Fool There Was," would be laughed off the screen today were she to try to repeat that technique.

Instead we have Rita, and the modern character she has given to the role of *Sadie Thompson*, a fiction character who is as old as the first vamps themselves! Dance director of the film, Lee Scott, couldn't express the characterization better:

"Rita plays an alluring drifter who comes to a South Seas island where U. S. Marines are based. *Sadie* is the toast of these woman-starved males, and at a gay party she sings 'The Heat Is On'—and the words do justice—and how—to the dance that follows. It's hot, man, it's hot!"

And, if you like that kind of lingo which seems to describe the tempo of the modernization of Maugham's classic "Rain," Mr. Scott goes on, "When Rita shows up, on the lam from Honolulu, and those women-hungry leathernecks get an eyeful of this slick chick with the free-wheeling chassis, the pineapple juice starts to flow and a luau is on."

"In no time at all, the hot little Marine combo gets in the groove with a good beat, and all the boys want to dance—with Rita. Harlem never saw what goes on next. That girl—she could start a revival of the Bunny-hug!"



Aldo Ray lifts Rita Hayworth through night club window in scene for "Sadie Thompson." Rita fell in love with Dick Haymes during production of this film.



Soon audiences everywhere will see Rita Hayworth's rendition of the unforgettable *Sadie*. The fact that she may give the performance of her life, the ex-

perts say, is not because she has ever lived the part, but because she believes in it. It's not hard to believe in *Sadie* in any guise. Rain, or shine! **END**

## WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JEFF?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

inherited the role. Yet, it was as *Cochise* that Jeff received his greatest acclaim.

His career has had the usual false starts. Just when it looked as though he'd begin to take in the real acting plums worthy of his ability—and he is one of the town's finest actors—he'd get something not quite so first-rate. This happens to all actors. Being ambitious and wanting to do worthwhile things, Jeff had his moments of frustration.

Such feelings could, of course, reflect on his moods at home. A guy who is not happy in his work is not happy at home. Then there was the added business of his being asked countless times for stories about his marriage for magazines.

Few stars have cooperated as conscientiously as Jeff in meeting the incessant cry for private life stories. After the reconciliation he acceded to every request for material on how he saved his marriage. The spotlight continued to stay on his home life so much that finally he decided he could not discuss it any more. The glare of the light got to be just too much—and understand-

ably so. His marriage couldn't take it.

To try to find out what has happened to this marriage you have to take a look at Jeff.

He is probably one of the town's best-liked people. His ready wit, his easy-going attitude, his lack of temperament have made him very popular—on the set as well as with the public. But much goes on behind that calm, light-hearted surface. It's the old proverb of still water running deep.

Jeff isn't the kind who is given to loud outbursts of temper. He is quiet and self-controlled with the feelings all inside. Yet, he has recognized that in some ways this is a fault and he has honestly tried to be less of an introvert.

One of his discoveries about marriage was learning that there are no separate kinds of responsibilities for a husband and wife. You can't delegate obligations like a catalogue. He long ago got over the idea that just because man is male he must be the final word.

However, there was never any question in Jeff's house as to who should be the

boss. Marjorie had always wanted him to assume the major control, especially in business matters and in the upbringing of their two children, Dana and Jamie.

When Dana and Jamie are mentioned, you come to the real sad part of this marital difficulty. Recently, Jeff had the two youngsters at the studio with him for lunch. Their complete adoration for him and his for them was something to see. Jeff's whole face softened when he looked at the two girls. And when he kissed them with real fatherly affection you could read volumes in his face.

It was seeing Jeff then that you knew how lonely he was, how much spark had gone from him. There was a listlessness in his voice. He walked slowly, heavily. No one could for a moment believe, after seeing him, that he was taking this marital trouble lightly. And no one could fail to understand how deep is his love for his family.

You can be sure that Jeff and Marjorie would have taken no such drastic step as a separation if it hadn't been the only way—not when you know how much they love Dana and Jamie. And with Marjorie's firm belief that children need a father's guidance and love and discipline you can only know that the decision was not arrived at easily.

Maybe this sounds like so much sentimental claptrap. But people too often forget that stars are human too, with all their heartbreaks and sorrow just like you and you and you. Sure, people think divorces in Hollywood are lightly come about and that this town is a nest of unprincipled characters who care nothing for the sanctity of marriage. But such is not the case. Behind every headline you read of a broken marriage there is deep heartache. And don't let the columnists or rumor mongers tell you otherwise.

There are some who think that the Chandlers broke up because there was not enough respect for individuality in their marriage. This might have been so at the time, but Jeff learned—as did Marjorie—that without the respect for each other as individuals, possession took over and any understanding went out the window.

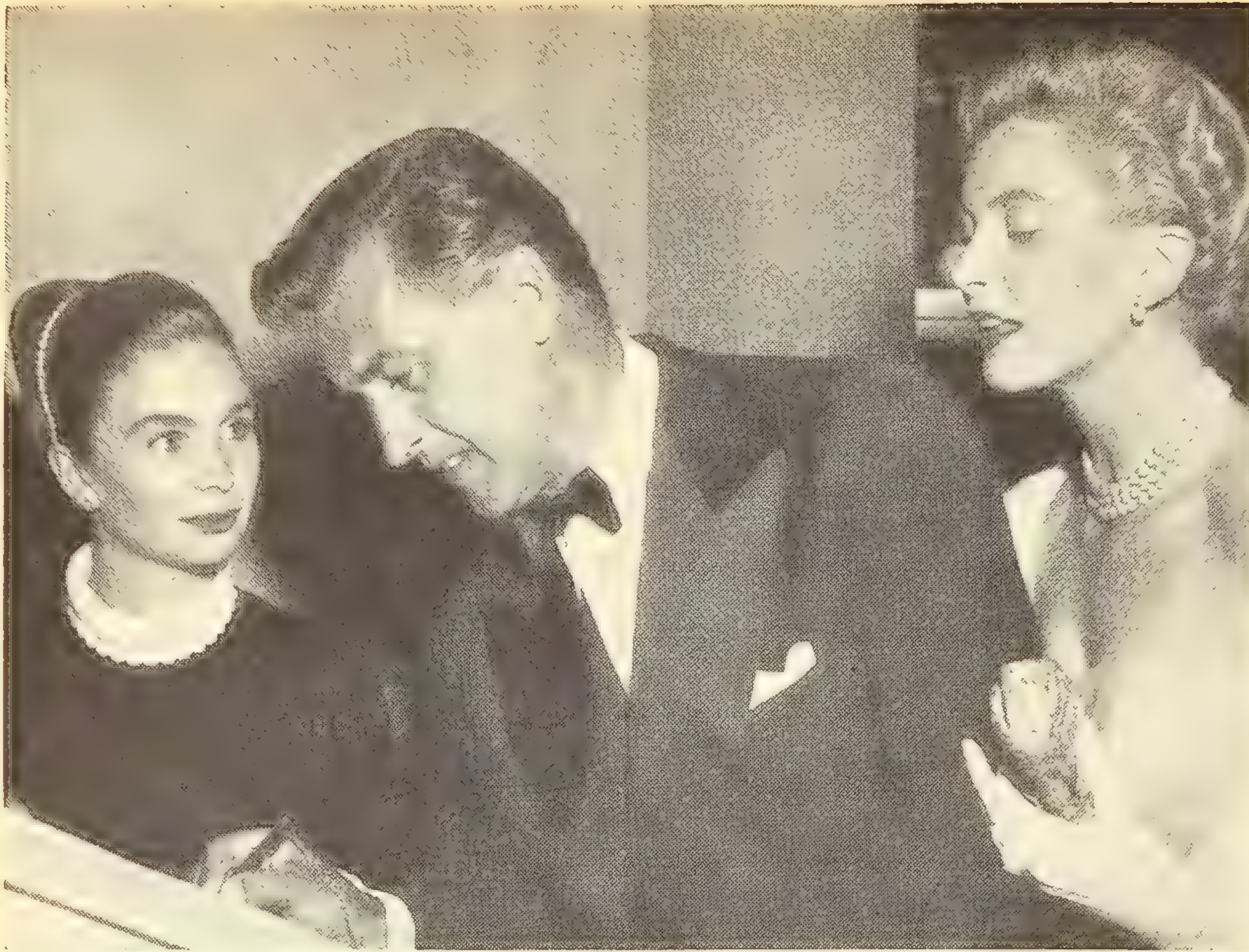
Jeff once said that individuality is so important that people shouldn't get married if their personalities were too different. This, of course, he admitted is something that is not always easy to discover before marriage. So there is the possibility that Jeff and Marjorie are too unlike as people, with too many contrasting ideas and beliefs. However, Jeff also said that with compromise and tolerance and real love, even this difficulty could be worked out. And those who know Jeff and Marjorie know how they tried to adjust their personality differences.

Neither Jeff nor Marjorie expected, however, that they would not find changes developing in their marriage. They realized that their lives together would change as they changed, as their perspectives broadened. After their last reconciliation they were determined, therefore, never to take one another for granted. They were more interested in



Jeff Chandler and wife after one of their reconciliations. They tried often and sincerely to find a happy way of life together, but failed, much to their regret.





Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr watch as Stewart Granger signs autograph book at Hollywood premiere. Jean and Stewart are unlike in many ways.

remembering the deep love that brought them together and less interested in judging each other for shortcomings.

But has their marriage finally become one of judgment instead of compassion? To find this answer you would have to probe deeply into the emotions of the two people involved—and this is something no outsider can do.

Jeff and Marjorie have talked over their problems—at great length. They have tried to find a common meeting ground. At this writing, they have not found it.

This, then, is no cut and dried story. There is no quick and convenient answer.

There is no fast solution. How can there be when the two people are still very much in love?

Hollywood is wondering what this will do to Jeff. It knows him as a man who is sentimental, romantic at heart, a man who needs a home and family. It recognizes his intensely sensitive nature. And it wonders how long he can keep that smile on his face to cover a deep void inside.

Both Marjorie and Jeff deserve real and honest happiness. Everyone hopes they will eventually find that happiness together. END

## UNHAPPY LOVERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

being quoted for publication.

Nevertheless, without mentioning any names, some of the people with whom the Grangers have associated painted enough of a picture to draw some very interesting conclusions.

The difference in age between Stewart and Jean is of much more importance than they admit in public, and possibly even to themselves. When they first met, Stewart was in his thirties, Jean a mere thirteen. His attitude was fatherly, hers, idealistic and submissive. It's never completely changed.

Around him, Jean is given little opportunity to express herself. When they still gave joint interviews, all too often a reporter addressed a question to Jean, only to have it answered by Stewart.

At first Jean didn't mind. Deeply in love with her husband, she idolized him and everything he said and did. But how long can a girl with Jean's sensitivity and intelligence keep up that sort of behavior?

Certainly not forever, and signs of her distress become more obvious all the time.

Financial instability and a permanent state of unrest are said to be other sources of constant tension.

Stewart has always been an easy spender. In England he once saved the equivalent of \$30,000 and promptly invested it in a yacht. By the end of the year he didn't have enough left to pay his income tax. It took him months to work himself out of debt again.

In Hollywood, when his pool cracked after an earthquake, his business manager consoled him with, "You've got nothing to worry about. It's deductible."

Stewart looked at him with a blank expression. "Deductible from *what*?"

This laissez-faire attitude is harder on Jean, who was brought up under more protected, more settled conditions.

Stewart's constant advice to his wife is another factor that doesn't exactly ease the situation. It started way back when

Sir Laurence Olivier asked Jean to play *Ophelia* in his production of "Hamlet." Stewart insisted she was much too young and inexperienced for the part, and urged her to turn it down. Luckily for Jean and movie audiences all over the world, J. Arthur Rank, to whom she was under contract, thought she'd be wonderful in it and made her play the part. Overnight it established her as a star.

There are other traits that stand in the way of a happy union. In fact, with the exception of both being British, they don't have too much in common!

Take their relationship toward the people around them, as reflected in the opinions of their co-workers.

Few comments are on record about Stewart's cooperation on the set. In a town where praise is the cheapest commodity, that is certainly indicative of their sentiment.

As for Jean, nothing but sincere admiration has come from anyone who has ever worked with her.

When she left 20th Century-Fox after finishing "The Robe," she'd won a host of friends. Remarks like "She's one of the nicest, most cooperative actresses I have ever worked with . . ." were the rule, not the exception.

When on her own, Jean mixes easily with people. In spite of different backgrounds, she talked with most members of the cast and crew, and showed an interest in any subject.

She's a sensitive girl—just how sensitive was evident the first time she met Frank Prehoda, her make-up man on "The Robe."

Although her part didn't call for her presence till fairly late in the picture, she was so much interested in the production that she came to the set two weeks ahead of her starting date. One afternoon she was visiting her friend and co-star, Richard Burton, in his dressing room when Frank walked in to get Richard ready for the next scene. "Mind if I use one of your combs to fix my hair?" Jean asked him.

"Of course not. But it's only a regular barber comb . . ."

Jean didn't mind. She walked in front of the mirror and slowly moved the comb through her hair. Suddenly it snapped.

Trying to play a joke on her, Frank pretended to be really provoked. "This is terrible," he burst out. "Why . . . this comb cost seventy-five cents . . .!"

Jean looked so miserable that he quickly swallowed whatever else he was going to say. Only after he reassured her that the comb could easily be replaced and he was only kidding, would she smile again.

Another incident between Jean and Frank showed her consideration for the people around her.

Both own foreign cars, Jean a Jaguar, Frank an MG. Having found a common interest, they discussed their cars frequently.

Jean must have known that Frank was anxious to try his hand at a Jaguar, and when the opportunity arose, she promptly obliged.

They were already on the set when she remembered she'd forgotten something in



her dressing room. "My car's outside. I'll get it for you," Frank had offered.

"Mine's outside, too. Please do me a favor and use it instead . . ."

She didn't have to ask twice.

Not only Frank, but everyone on the picture agreed that she was unusually appreciative of anything that was done for her. How different from the impression created by her husband!

Most of the disagreements between Stewart and Jean have been confined to their own home, and only occasionally has the public gotten a glimpse of the tension that prevails between them. Once they were seen eating at a restaurant without saying a word to each other. When asked if a quarrel was the reason for their silence, Stewart quickly explained that they preferred to concentrate on their food. The explanation was hard to accept.

Stewart's "outspokenness" sometimes makes it difficult even for his closest friends to get along with him. The Michael Wildings, for instance.

Stewart and Michael have been pals for nearly fifteen years. When Michael and Liz came back to the United States after they were first married, they stayed with

the Grangers till they could move into a home of their own. It was during that time that friction first started.

Stewart did not grow as fond of Liz as Michael would have liked. What's more, he made no secret of it. Obviously, regardless of how close they had been for years, under those circumstances a friendship between Michael and Stewart could not continue on the same terms.

A nickname he earned when he still lived in Bel Air gives another indication of how Stewart impresses the people around him. They called him "The Maharaja of Bel Air," and not because of his collection of hunting trophies in his game room, next to the pool. His bearing was responsible for a title we are sure he'd prefer to forget.

At this time, Jean is torn between a youthful adoration for a man she admired from the time she first met him, and a desire to assert herself as a wife and a woman. Unless Stewart changes his attitude, an eventual break-up between the two seems inevitable. Should he take to heart some of the advice given by well-wishing outsiders, his marriage may yet be saved.

Only the future will tell.

END

and Debra, "Big Mamoo" and "Little Mamoo," respectively.

Unlike some think, Debra is no stay-at-home. She's traveled more than 20,000 miles in the past eight months on Movie-town, U.S.A., personal appearances, and theatre opening junkets. In true Hollywood fashion it was when the Navy boys were honoring her at Norfolk, Va., 3,000 miles from home, that she met her new neighbor, Charles Coburn.

"We'd really met before," Debra reminded. "I made my debut at 12 playing a fairy in 'The Merry Wives Of Windsor' in which Mr. Coburn starred. I had wanted to say hello to him when we first moved into the neighborhood, but it took our meeting at the Naval Base to accomplish that.

"Then, he told me, he thought it was our family who had moved in, because of the orchid Cadillac. That car of ours is getting to be a trademark. I never have to give my address, everyone has already spotted the house because of the car."

There's still more traveling in her future. Debra has the studio's permission to launch a night club debut in a few months. She'll have two boys in the act and will open in Las Vegas. Clubs are well aware of her singing and dancing talents as witness the Royal Hawaiian's cabling a \$6,000 a week offer as soon as they learned of her supper club plans.

"I'm doing it for the experience," then, she winked, "and the money. It's fabulous the prices you can get. At present, I have no need for a business manager. There's just one pocketbook in the household, and everyone shares and shares alike. One of these days we want to buy our own home, we're renting now, and let Mom and Dad take it easy.

## DEBRA SPEAKS FOR HERSELF!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

months ago and was in a cast, had to resume dancing for a test at U-I where she's under contract.

"She couldn't dance on that highly glossed floor or she might slip again on her back. It practically brought tears to my eyes as we poured gallons of water and lye to get the wax off so the floor wouldn't be slippery."

Debra takes such things good naturedly. She didn't even wince when 20th called her in for hairstyle tests and then surprised her by dyeing her hair blonde.

"I didn't know they were going to do it until I was seated in the chair. Something about a lighter shade cutting down my jaw line. I was there from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

"Oh," she shuddered hunching her shoulders, "I became so frightened a few days later when my hair turned green. My hair is so dark it's very hard to dye and some unexpected reaction gave it the grass color. I got up one morning, looked in the mirror, and let out a scream. Only after applying oil treatments did it simmer down to the blonde shade."

Soon as she completed 20th Century-Fox's "Demetrius And The Gladiators," she reverted to brunette for "Prince Valiant."

"If I ever dye my hair again, I'd much prefer the red shade of Jeanne Crain's which I think is beautiful."

Although Debbie's part is very dramatic in "Demetrius And The Gladiators," she and Victor Mature managed to keep things moving at a rib-tickling pace between scenes.

When the cast got a little hungry in mid-morning, eyebrows raised as Deb ordered her usual breakfast of fried chicken livers and a bottle of Coke.

One afternoon Vic smuggled her phonograph from her dressing room, and proceeded to convince her television was a more necessary form of entertainment and since he just happened to own two TV stores, promptly and astutely sold her two sets. He fondly nicknamed her mother



Debra Paget with Piper Laurie at charity masquerade ball. Says Debra, "I get a lot of well-meaning advice from friends. But I'm pretty set in my ways."



"There isn't much chance for relaxation at our place. My baby sister, Meg, is five years old and just at the stage where she likes to wear my best clothes and high heels for 'dress up.' My older sister, Tela, and her family live with us. Her youngest is just at the crawling age and exploring into everything. Her older girl is two and has discovered lipstick looks pretty on her forehead and nail polish can decorate the rugs.

"I'm afraid those who think my private life is dull and listless are in for a jolt. I get a lot of well-meaning advice from friends which I listen to, but for the rest I let it go in one ear and out the other. I'm pretty set in my ways," she smiled.

Then, rather thoughtfully, she said, "Everyone is entitled to his own opinion, but once in a while when I'm the prime target, I have to blow off steam. That's for sure," she laughed. **END**

## BAD BOY MAKES GOOD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

his audiences for a month ahead, asking for their opinions. When thousands of letters told him that his viewers did not want a quiz or panel show from him, he balked the entire Columbia Broadcasting System to keep his show the way his audiences wanted it. It is quite obvious that Columbia expected Garry to be frightened into going their way when they fired him; but since Garry is not easily frightened and refused to go against his audience's expressed wishes, they naturally had to hire him back or lose a valuable property.

I was just a bit amused by the conservative answer that was given by Mr. Hubbel Robinson (*who is Vice President in Charge of Programming at CBS*) when asked for his opinion of Garry's behavior. Mr. Robinson said (*and I quote*), "Garry Moore's integrity oftentimes borders on sheer stubbornness." So even the people who find him so hard to handle always admit Garry's integrity.

Today, twenty years after the high school experiences, Garry still refuses to conform. He still refuses to be told "what and how" to do his daily program, by either the advertising man or the Colum-

bia Broadcasting System. In Garry's own words, he sums it up this way—"I never underestimate my audience, especially their ability to understand and appreciate humor." He will not go along with the theory that audiences can be led. "I let the audience lead me. If the advertisers wish to consider the viewing audiences as children, let 'em. But they won't do it on my show!"

The strange thing about this is that Garry has found out that this sort of horse sense pays off in the long run. Today he has a fully sponsored show, plus a waiting list—a record that perhaps is surpassed only by the fabulous Godfrey man.

And speaking of Godfrey, Garry's success in replacing Arthur Godfrey for his "Talent Scout" show has been phenomenal. He seems to be the only single person that Godfrey fans will accept as a replacement.

Certainly anyone who watches Garry's shows today notices that he is still the impetuous, fast-thinking, wise-cracking high school boy; and the reason for this is that he is the same Garry Moore who refused to fit into a pattern in his high school days. Now, just as then, he still

asks that alarming question, "Why should I do it *their* way?" He doesn't do things because those in authority have said they should be done. Instead, he applies his own keen sense of fair play, sprinkled with his incomparable sense of humor.

When Garry and I were trading memories of high school escapades, I reminded him of the school assembly that he had been asked to arrange. Garry and I had been partners in that prank, so the memory is equally vivid for both of us.

Garry had been asked to take charge of the weekly assembly period and had told the faculty members that he would be glad to do a show if there were no speeches by the faculty and if no teachers were allowed to participate. He told them, "If you want an hour of fun, I'll give it to you, but it must be an hour of fun with no school propaganda interspersed." They agreed, and Garry began to plan for a real hour-of-fun fest. When the day arrived, a week later, and just ten minutes before the assembly was to begin, we found out that the principal was going to make an address. This was not according to the agreement, but of course, by that time the faculty evidently felt that there was nothing he could do about it. Well, they were right that there was nothing he could do about the address, but they certainly never expected what happened.

I'll never forget the moment when Garry came over to me, as we were standing in the wings of the high school auditorium stage. I think for the first time in my life I saw him drooping—crew cut and all. Even the corners of his mouth, that usually went up in a broad grin, were hanging down. I thought that he was sick. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"He's going to speak and he promised not to," he said.

"Who's going to speak?" I asked.

"Doc Edwards," he said. (*Dr. Philip H. Edwards was principal of "City" at the time.*)

I think I drooped even more than Garry, then. I was really upset, and I practically moaned, "Well, what shall we do?"

As quickly as the words were out of my mouth, an idea seemed to burst in Garry's head. Perhaps he needed me to be crushed before his fast-thinking could work to save the situation. And, perhaps if we had waited a few minutes and thought before we started, the sheer audacity of his idea would have overwhelmed us. But, we didn't wait to debate.

I was wearing a tank swim suit. Garry quickly doffed his shoes, took off his socks, rolled them up, and stuffed them into the front of my bathing suit. He slammed a wig on my head, and though I was a pretty hideous one, I suddenly became a female bathing beauty!

Dr. Edwards had begun his speech in front of the curtain. "Fellow members of the faculty and young gentlemen . . ."

Garry said, as he gave me a push through the curtain, "Go out there, pause a minute, look back at the curtain and scream, then start to run. I'll be behind you."

An impromptu chase began through the whole auditorium.

We commandeered bicycles, roller skates, and finally a rope ladder thrown



Garry Moore gets double-earful from Arlene Whelan, Faye Emerson. A favorite comic entertainer for 20 years, he's the epitome of the little boy in all men.



from the balcony. He used all the ingenuity he had at his command to organize and carry out this fantastic comedy on the spur of the moment.

All this time the principal kept on bravely making his speech, but no one heard it. The boys in the audience were doubled up with laughter and practically had to be carried off in stretchers. Dr. Edwards was certainly a good sport about it, and won a lot of admiration from the pupils for the way he stood up to this impossible competition.

And it is interesting to note that Dr. Edwards later on, after he had retired as principal of the high school, in an address before a national educators' conference, called attention to the necessity for educators not to expect all people to conform to a pattern, and he used this incident, plus Garry's name, as an example to prove his point. He said that many times boys who were known as "bad" and problem boys because of being non-conformists went far in their respective fields and were lauded for their bright originality and their newness of approach.

Some other of the members of the faculty, however, didn't see the incident in the perspective that Dr. Edwards had, and reprimanded Garry about it. His answer to them was: "But we both won. Your speech was made and the assembly was still a complete hour of fun."

Another incident that Garry tells on himself about his high school days happened when he was sent to the vice-principal's office by the history teacher. He was sent to be reprimanded, but when he found that the vice-principal was busy, he decided not to wait and took matters into his own hands—quite literally into his own hands, because he wrote a note to the history teacher which read:

"Dear Mr. Fairbanks: Please allow Garrison Morfit back into your history class. Forget his past offenses. Mr. Morfit is one of the lilies of the field. He toils not, neither does he spin." (And as we both laughed over this note, we realized Garry is still using these same lines today.)

Actually, neither of these incidents brought the school officials to the point of expelling Garry, because the humor in them was on such a grand scale that it had to be recognized. Many of the teachers in the school laughed about the chase just as heartily as the pupils did, and Mr. Fairbanks, the history teacher, couldn't keep a straight face when Garry handed him the note. He read it to the class so that they were all laughing as Garry was sent back to his seat, his reprimand forgotten.

There finally was a last straw, however, that got Garry expelled. And Garry says if anyone is curious about what it was "Tear off the top of your little brother, enclose a 3¢ stamp, and send your request to the National Broadcasting Company. If they don't answer, don't be surprised."

One of Garry's greatest thrills today is receiving fan letters year after year from his old high school teachers in Baltimore. And as for the high school diploma, Garry said: "Who wants it anyhow? It would only hang on my mother's wall,

gathering dust. To compensate, I gave her a very bad print of Whistler's mother, and I am sure she enjoys it just as much."

Just as he knew what his fellow students wanted, he knows today what his fellow audience wants. For if there is any secret of success, Garry Moore would make this his—"Be your own audience first. Think of what you'd like to see and hear and then try to put that on the television screen. No matter how many sponsors, advertising men, or network executives you have to buck, do it!"

This certainly seems to be easier said than done, but in the long run this has paid off for Garry, because he has been a favorite with radio listeners for 20 years and now with TV viewers.

Garry is the epitome of the little kid that is still in all of us. Even his office

decor has the strictly Garry Moore touch. One outstanding feature, which illustrates Garry's entire comedy personality, had me laughing as soon as I was ushered in. As you open the door to his office, you see, right in the doorway, on the floor, a big painted blob, just as though someone had spilled a paint can. It is pink. Garry's office walls are green. As you walk in and sit down, you are facing the wall where, from the pink blob of paint, across the floor, and up the green wall, run tiny pink foot prints.

The boy in high school who chased me up and down the aisle, while the principal was making a speech, is still chasing an imaginary friend up and down the walls of his office, up and down the air waves, and through the television screen, into your living room. END

## AUDREY'S SEARCH FOR LOVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

combined with all the things I really want—the love of a fine man, a good, strong home, wonderful healthy children. Many times I believe Jim prayed that I would fail on Broadway so that nothing was left to me but to become simply a wife and mother."

People who knew Jim Hanson confirmed this. "Jim is a strange, conservative, rather apprehensive fellow," says one. "He believed that if Audrey became the toast of the town, no man would own her, or be able to love her utterly and completely. Jim's greatest fear was that a shared possession was no possession at all."

Here, then, was a great young and up-and-coming star desperately in love, and wishing with all her heart that she could

hold onto both the man she loved and the career that was before her. In New York there were long conferences, in which Jim aired his grievances. When he was back in London, tending his million-dollar interests, the wires flew thick and fast and the long distance phone lines buzzed extravagantly and lengthily into the dawn.

"What do you want, Audrey?" asked Jim. "The limelight or me?"

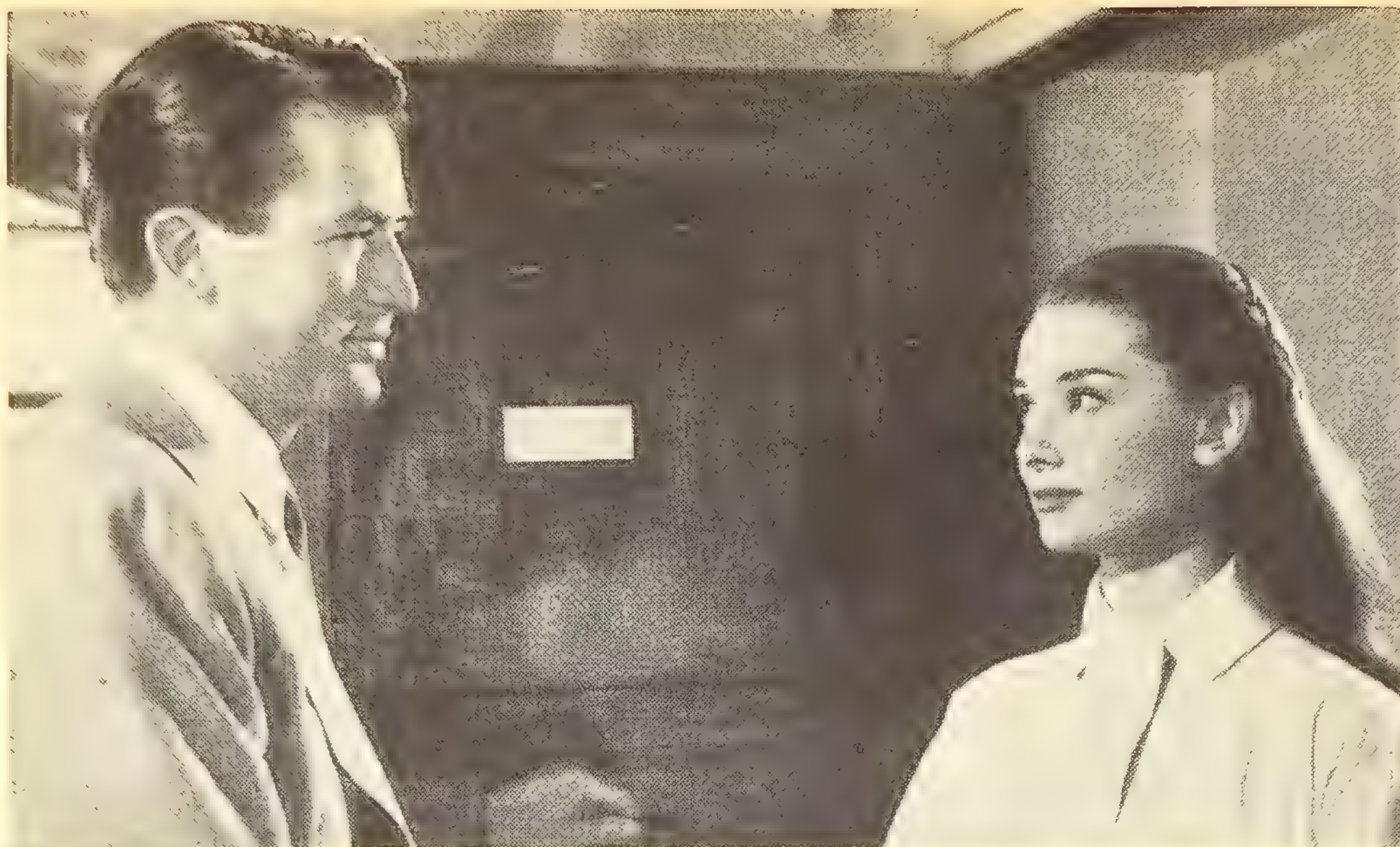
"Both," said Audrey. "I think both can happen at the same time. I want to be an actress and a woman, too."

Jim Hanson couldn't see it. He knew that his millions couldn't buy the heart of a girl who was already lost in an art that was closer to her. And Audrey knew that millions couldn't make up for the



One of the memorable scenes in "Roman Holiday" is the wild ride on the motor scooter with Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck just dodging traffic.





It was during the making of "Roman Holiday" that the rumors started to be heard that Audrey and Greg were growing terribly fond of each other.

sacrifice of something to which her whole life had been devoted: the theatre.

After a valiant effort on the part of both of them to work it out, the bombshell finally occurred one night when Audrey sadly but firmly declared, "The bubble has burst. Jim doesn't want to share me with the theatre. We have broken our engagement."

In her sudden lonesomeness young, rather unsure Audrey Hepburn, comforted but never blinded by the Broadway lights, found many new true and more understanding friends—people who recognized the gleam of ambition and adventure in a young actress' eyes; people who knew that a great, bright new talent should not be dimmed by a doubtful domestic lure.

But with all her many friends, Audrey Hepburn's life still lacked one vital element. There had to be someone to guide her, advise her, listen to her woes as well as her triumphs. An acting career would be an empty thing if there were never anyone to go home to.

While Audrey was making "Roman Holiday," the Broadway and Hollywood grapevine listened, looked—and did a little guesswork. A neat tidbit of gossip was suddenly something to play with and dwell upon. What was this rumor that Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn were busy planning things together—other than their movie careers? In Rome, so the story went, they were always together, and the dialogue wasn't always from a script.

Was this to be a great new romance between Gregory and Audrey? Those who thought they were in the know agreed there was rarely smoke without fire and the team of Peck and Hepburn could easily denote a flame being fanned.

Even today people will tell you that there is a great romance between the two, but, so far, nothing has come of it. With "Roman Holiday" the smash hit that it is, there is no question but that a devotion has arisen between the two stars, but whether it has gone further than that is anyone's guess.

All that is really plain is that Audrey sticks to her initial statement, "I love the life I live, and I live the life I love . . . and I want to get married."

Certain, too, is the fact that Audrey Hepburn, having made tremendous strides in her career, is on a search to complete her life. "I never want to be alone again," she states. "I want to make my life complete."

To understand all this, you have to know a little of Audrey's past . . . a little of her present . . . and something of the future that is in store for her.

Audrey Hepburn was born in Brussels, Belgium, on May 4, 1929, the daughter of an Irish father and a Dutch mother. Her family was fairly well to do, and when she was a young child she was sent to boarding school in England.

"Hitler invaded Poland when I was ten years old," she told us. "My mother took me from England back to Holland, since that country seemed to be a safe haven. But a year later the Germans occupied Holland, and for five years my family and I suffered indescribably.

"It was five years before I was able to get a good meal," she went on. "I saw my older brother dragged away to a Nazi camp. I managed to hide safely when the Nazis forced other children to work in their kitchens. I gave ballet concerts in secret to raise funds for the Dutch resistance movement."

When the war ended, Audrey and her mother went to Amsterdam, where she continued her ballet studies. In 1948 she returned to England, where she studied at the famous Rambert Ballet School.

Her first acting experience was the result of a casual visit with a friend, who went to audition for the London production of the musical show, "High Button Shoes." Audrey was chosen, and thus began her professional career. After that, she danced a solo ballet in two other musicals, "Sauce Tartare" and "Sauce Piquante."

It wasn't long before English movie-makers spotted her, and she played her first film role in Alastair Sims' "Laughter

In Paradise." Then she had other small roles in "One Wild Oat," and in Alec Guinness' "The Lavender Hill Mob." A larger and better part in "Young Wives' Tale" followed, but this picture, not too well received in America, did little to further her career.

She was in Monte Carlo—and thinking what a far cry it was from the desolation of the Nazi-occupied Holland a few years back—when she was tapped for her Cinderella pumpkin.

"I was acting in the English and French film, 'Monte Carlo Baby,' when the famous Parisian novelist, Colette, saw me," she told us. "I was terribly flattered when Colette said she saw in me the very person she had visualized when she wrote her play, 'Gigi,' which was about to be produced on Broadway."

The play was a smash hit—thanks to Audrey Hepburn. Brilliant Hollywood director, William Wyler, caught the show. "I was completely spellbound," he has said. He couldn't wait to test her for the feminine lead in "Roman Holiday," which he was shortly to film in Rome with Gregory Peck as the male star. The rest is history.

Next step up in the professional career of Audrey Hepburn is Hollywood proper, and the starring role in Paramount's "Sabrina Fair" with Humphrey Bogart and William Holden. Next step up in her private, personal life is up to her—and Hollywood is watching and waiting.

One question that is being asked is whether Audrey will do what Leslie Caron did—add security and peace to her new life by marrying quickly. Chances are that Audrey, who resembles Leslie in many ways—physically and emotionally—will do exactly the same thing! She has been the first to admit that while her search for fame is successful, her search for love has not quite ended.

Discounting her supposed romance with Gregory Peck, there is no question that Hollywood will be her oyster. She will find herself wanted and wooed by all the eligibles of the movie world. The going will be tough—and the prayers are that she will have a good head on her shoulders. In having so much to choose from, Audrey Hepburn, it is to be hoped, will make a wise, careful and slow choice. Love is one thing, and infatuation another.

Surprisingly modest for a girl who has attained so much, Audrey Hepburn's whole heart is in her work. She says, "I have such a lot to learn and I am so grateful to those who have helped me. I feel that I must work and study to live up to the standard they have set for me, and that I must listen carefully to those who have more experience than I."

What everyone hopes is that Audrey Hepburn will listen carefully to all who have had so much experience in the other, and perhaps to Audrey, more vital field—the field of Hollywood romance. It is a field filled with pitfalls, disasters, heartbreaks—the unknown. Audrey is young enough to be able to afford to wait—and that is what her dearest friends hope she will do. Wait. The right man, especially in Hollywood, is not always just around the corner.

END



## DOROTHY KILGALLEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

Piazza was the first New York glamour girl to appear swathed in the new fur rage, Norwegian blue fox. She had a stole that dripped to the knees. Then along came Marlene Dietrich with a full-length coat of the precious pelts to really "guarantee" the fashion. At the Roxy Theatre premiere of "The Robe" no less than 37 variations of the fluffy fur were worn by as many stage and screen celebrities . . .

One top-ranking actor won't be talking about an award he received recently from a group of Hollywood correspondents and studio workers. It was inscribed: "To Hollywood's Outstanding So-and-So" (only a little less polite in the phrasing) and was dreamed up to commemorate his insults and sarcasm, which they just couldn't bear any longer . . .

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis stormed out of Bill Miller's Riviera the night Frank Sinatra opened a singing engagement there. Neglecting to phone ahead for a table reservation, the comedy team couldn't even manage to squeeze into the celebrity-jammed opening performance. Apparently they didn't think anybody else would be there . . .

Tin Pan Alley publishers who never dreamed they'd live to see the day, are actually indifferent to landing a Bing Crosby record for a new tune. The Groaner just isn't holding his own in the current popular song market and the grapevine chatter has it he'll retire late next year because he's "had it!" . . .

Vic Damone cleaned house when he fired his agent, manager, arranger-composer and publicist. The current slump in his career has his friends worried. MGM's postponement of "Hit The Deck" didn't help any and Vic's long tour of one-night stands is just a stop-gap booking to keep him in action and voice until he resumes his movie-making. Meanwhile he's restless and suffers from insomnia . . .

Myrna Loy's best friends don't pretend to believe the denials about the rift in her marriage with Howland Sargeant, a former State Department official. They say it just isn't going well, from where they sit, and a legal separation is in the offing with La Loy returning to Hollywood to resume her screen career . . .

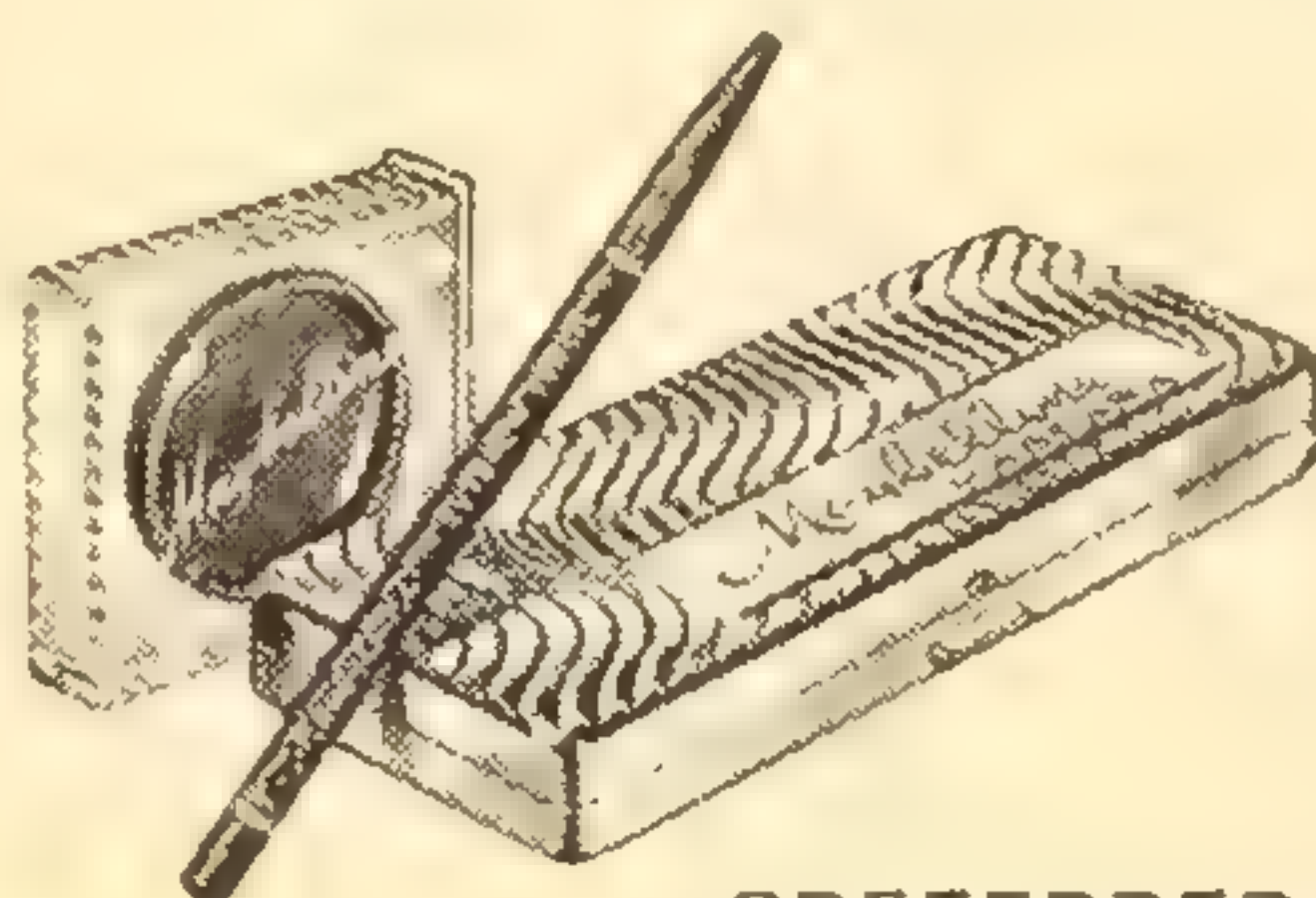
General James Van Fleet went unrecognized at Bruno's Pen & Pencil while steak diners clamored for Ava Gardner's autograph. Ava righted the situation, however, by leaving her table and asking the general to inscribe her address book for her . . .

Nina Foch, at El Morocco, escorted by Earl Blackwell, the Celebrity Service Prexy, drew envious stares from other femmes when she strolled in wearing a

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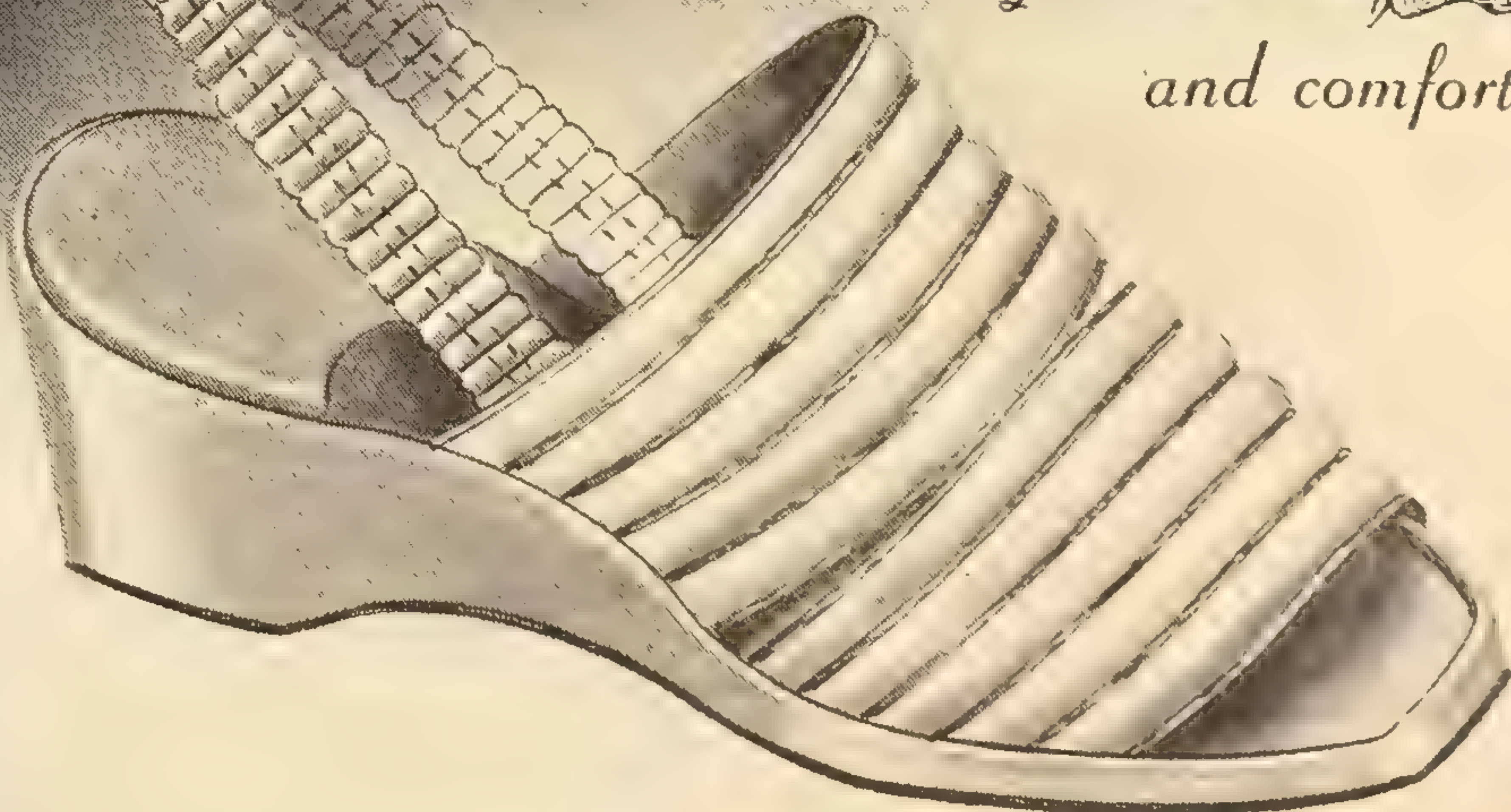
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flaming red Ceil Chapman creation. Earl got his share of attention, too. A pair of Aleutian mink cuff links did it! . . .

Teresa Wright must have been kidding at the Stork Club. Turned up wearing a rhinestone-studded monocle. Naturally, the once-conservative Tessie got yocks with the Charles Coburn bit . . .

Brian Aherne commissioned W. Jay Saylor to redecorate the new Aherne abode in Gotham's East 50's. The two-story dwelling is being done in Venetian style, complete with an outside balcony. (For what?—calling a gondola?)

A celebrated Hollywood producer and his actress wife are hopping mad over the proposed Broadway play production of Stephen Longstreet's novel, "The Beach House," recently published in pocketbook form by Popular Library. A copy of the script went to their Malibu home with a note suggesting that the producer and his wife might like to become financial backers of the stage version. To add further insult to injury, the anonymous writer also implied the leading feminine role might be suitable for the actress. It's the talk of Hollywood because the novel is supposedly a thinly veiled expose of the producer and his wife . . .

Gene Tierney's friends, returning from Paris, say you wouldn't know the once-svelte beauty, she's gained so much weight since making the rounds with Prince Aly Khan . . .

Ida Lupino second-honeymooned with her third husband, Howard Duff, at Lake Tahoe, sporting a new diamond bracelet—his reconciliation present. This made Howard's fourth costly bauble to her after their fifth spat.

Eva Gabor changed her coiffure three times daily in Hollywood, and her escorts just as frequently, after calling off her wedding plans with Jack Seabrook, the frozen foods heir. At private Hollywood

parties she and her brother-in-law George Sanders, did not speak. Eva sides with sister Zsa Zsa in the Sanders-Gabor estrangement despite the fact Zsa Zsa indicated, as we go to press, she "still loves" George. Are you getting bored too? . . .

The wife of one of Hollywood's handsomest screen stars is rapidly drinking herself into a sad state, despite the children. Their pending divorce has her greatly depressed . . .

An internationally famed songwriter and a celebrated Hollywood director take turns staging Sunday afternoon poolside luncheons at which the most important guests are handsome young males from Santa Monica's "Muscle Beach." The revels are more than a trifle daring; it's *Inside Hollywood* at the lowest level—with the biggest male movie star names taking part in the frolics . . .

Greta Garbo, approached to help finance Vittorio DeSica's Italian film, "He And She," is furious at the reports that she'll "co-star" with him in the flicker. Anytime the Great Swede decides to return to pictures, she'll be the star—and the only one . . .

More than 50 impoverished noblemen sold their invitations to the recent Marquis De Cuevas clambake in Biarritz—but if the host noticed the costumed imposters he didn't have them tossed out. When screen stars Clark Gable, Gregory Peck, Lana Turner and Lex Barker didn't show up (although they had accepted invitations) the famed party-giver was glad to have the additional, though uninvited, guests milling about Merle Oberon, Elsa Maxwell, Jeanmaire and Orson Welles . . .

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers changed their minds about installing a complete television studio in their famous Beverly Hills mansion, Pickfair. It turned out to be too costly a project, even for one of Hollywood's wealthiest couples . . .



Xavier Cugat and his wife, Abbe Lane, at the Crescendo. She does not intend to let her recently started movie career interfere with their blissful marriage.



# DANTON WALKER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

who blistered their palms applauding the Ballard ballads . . .

Hildegarde Neff denied the Gregory Peck romance talk by insisting they hadn't seen one another for "months." Two hours after her arrival from Europe en route to Hollywood she received a series of overseas phone calls, spaced at two-hour intervals, from the Dorchester Hotel in London. Guests at the Dorchester that weekend included Orson Welles and Gregory Peck. Actress Neff and "genius" Welles are not on speaking terms—process of elimination leaves you with one guess. It could wind up being a peck of trouble for the glamorous actress should Greta Peck, Greg's long-estranged wife decide to sue for a California divorce—the community property kind . . .

Song star Hildegarde took a bow from her Hotel Plaza Persian Room table the night Marge and Gower Champion opened their personal appearance there (with a great assist, musically speaking, from MGM Records maestro, Ted Straeter). A few nights later, Marge and Gower dashed across Fifth Avenue to the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room to return the compliment to "Hildy" who began her long singing stint in that room. Professionally, it was a nice gesture, but one that cost Marge Champion an emerald and diamond-studded clip—a fifth wedding anniversary gift from Gower. The costly bauble wasn't returned for almost ten days—it had been found eventually by a Central Park guard who turned it over to the local police precinct. The incident was not reported in the local press—the Champions preferred not having any of that "Movie Star Loses Valuable Jewels" kind of publicity. Would have made a great story, however, inasmuch as the honest park employee refused any type of reward even after knowing who the jewelled clip belonged to—he and his wife and three teenage children accepted the Champions' invitation to attend their Persian Room show and have dinner—they did and were treated royally, with a flock of autographed pictures going to the youngsters to be passed around to their school chums . . .

Burt Lancaster and his wife, Norma, quelled all rumors and reports of a rift between them by going everywhere in New York together—they were inseparable even during all of Burt's interview sessions, something Norma has never done before. "We couldn't be happier," she explained enthusiastically at the Famous Kitchen Restaurant, as Burt kissed her affectionately . . .

Contrary to published reports that the unrelated Hepburns—Katharine and Audrey—have never met, they are not only acquainted but extremely cordial to each other. A warm friendship has not



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Danton Walker, with M. C. Warren Hull, during his recent TV appearance on "Strike It Rich" when he became a "helping hand" for a needy person.

developed between them only because both actresses are naturally shy and such a relationship cannot be expected until they've gotten to know each other better. While Audrey was "Gigi" on the Broadway stage, Katie was "The Millionairess" and both shared some of the N. Y. drama critics' highest laudatory notices for their individual performances (although their respective shows were considered unworthy of their talents). If Audrey cops an Academy Award for her "Roman Holiday" performance—they'll have that honor in common—Katie got hers years ago for her initial starring screen effort—"Morning Glory" . . . At Radio City Music Hall, Katie and Audrey sat in the loge during a showing of "Roman Holiday"—but not together—three rows apart . . .

Joseph Cotten and Sonny Tufts were pretty cool towards each other in the Stork Club's Cub Room—Cotten considers Tufts "too aggressive" and Sonny thinks Joe is "pretty dull." Take it from there . . .

Danny Kaye and Brian Donlevy were an animated twosome at the Men's Bar at the Waldorf—they yakked about baseball while swilling a couple of tall ones: non-fattening calory-free soda pop. The diet-conscious pals loaded up on calory-packed peanuts and cheese crackers—neighboring elbow-benders couldn't figure that one out. Neither can I . . .

Loretta Young ankled into Camillo's on Second Avenue to keep an interview appointment with a group of Gotham scribes and fractured the luncheon crowd when she removed her mink cape and

uncovered a hand-carved necklace of very old ivory—a gift she had received that morning from Jeanne Crain and Dana Andrews who were then at the Culemborg Hotel, Pretoria, South Africa. Before she ordered lunch she placed an overseas call to Jeanne and Dana—in thirty minutes she had them on the phone exchanging up-to-the-minute news. While Loretta was lunching in Manhattan, her Hollywood pals were having their dinner—there's a six hours time difference—in South Africa. Believe it or not, the three of them were eating the same thing, Chicken Paprika! . . .

Irene Dunne graced the foyer of the Hampshire House as Irene Rich breezed through arm-in-arm with Irene Hervey. Frank Sinatra shouted "Goodnight, Irene" and the three femme film favorites stopped dead in their tracks—if it hadn't been for Sinatra's quick-thinking, the trio of Irene's might not have gotten together for a bit of jawing—the Rich-Hervey duo hadn't spotted Irene Dunne . . .

Bob Hope actually cried—from laughing—at the Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis "in person" routines which had the N. Y. Paramount Theatre packed day after day. When Dean and Jerry told their audience that "old ski-nose is out there with you"—the applause was thunderous and comedian Hope took a bow from the balcony using an usher's flashlight to light up his own face—the Paramount spotlights couldn't reach him . . .

Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Barbara Stanwyck and Spencer Tracy are being sought for the New York stage production of "Ulysses," the highly con-



controversial book by James Joyce which was once banned throughout America as being highly pornographic—the epitome of obscenity. The pending Broadway presentation will be given as a “reading,” a la Tyrone Power’s “John Brown’s Body” . . .

John Brascia, newcomer to the Hollywood film ranks (he’ll be featured in Irving Berlin’s “White Christmas” with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye), exited the cast of “Hazel Flagg,” the musical which won for him four Broadway awards as “1953’s finest dancer and new personality” after Rosalind Russell (who’s been doing just fine on the New York stage as the star of “Wonderful Town”) tossed a small but brilliant after-theatre party in honor of the youthful dancer at Bruno’s Pen & Pencil. Among the many surprises he received was a batch of introductory letters to most of Roz’s friends in Hollywood. La Russell made sure John Brascia would get around in the social swim in a hurry before he went to work for Paramount Pictures. Rosalind appreciates the value of such letters—when she arrived in Hollywood some years ago as an unknown, it was only with the aid of a few letters and her own vivid personality that she managed to make a dent in filmdom. “It’s the coldest town in the world if you don’t know anyone,” avers Roz . . .

Ann Sothern was the reason why an American Airlines Mercury flight to Hollywood was delayed fifteen minutes at La Guardia airport—a mob of her film and TV fans wouldn’t let her through the gate despite the repeated urgent loud-speaker calls for “Miss Sothern, please report to the American Airlines information counter. PLEASE!” Richard Todd and Teresa Wright, going and coming to and from other destinations, helped get her to the aircraft, but only at the risk of missing their own plane connections . . .

Anna Maria Alberghetti didn’t think it amusing at all, when Tallulah Bankhead referred to her as “Anna Spaghetti”—the unpredictable Talloo got her come-uppance when Anna Maria retorted, “that will do Miss Blockhead!”—it was touch and go for a long, long minute until Nina Foch intervened with “Girls! Girls!” and the trio finally broke down and laughed. Credit Anna Maria with being a brilliant wit—taking on Tallulah is something even veteran professionals try to avoid . . .

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard fumed and fussed at the costume jewelry counter of a famous Fifth Avenue department store when the sales clerk refused to accept a check to cover the Grahame-Howard purchases. “Cash and Carry” quipped the sales girl—that flipped the Hollywood duo who together shouted “Drop Dead” and stormed out of the premises. They had neglected to carry any identifications with them and the sales girl was merely carrying out instructions—it was a real Academy Award scene for Gloria, who left the next day for Europe (with Cy) for “The Good Die Young.” **END**



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## WHAT HOLLYWOOD ITSELF IS TALKING ABOUT!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

he'd been at it for a thousand years. Gordon's fascinating to watch—he's so relaxed and knows his recording technique right down to the last quarter note. Between times, he clowns around with everybody in the studio and has a fine time. Nice guy, this Scotsman.

It's really amazing what can happen to a girl. Now take Gale Storm, for instance. Real nice kid, happily married, nice to everybody. Got practically nowhere until TV came along and she started being a hit on the "My Little Margie" show. Then someone got the bright idea to make a night club performer out of her. Well, I can tell you this girl is now being courted like mad by the movies, who had so little for her to do until she proved that she was a real talent in those other two mediums. She's building a beautiful new home in the valley and nobody could deserve success more.

Think it's a real great idea that Irene Dunne, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Jane Russell, and Loretta Young have. They're putting an outfit together called the International Adoption Association to encourage people to get all the parentless kids out of orphanages. Hollywood's one of the most adoption conscious places in the world, so there.

Cute type Pat Crowley is one of the most down-to-earth kids you'll ever meet. She's made four films in the short span of her Hollywood life. You no doubt will remember her if you saw the Bill Holden-Ginger Rogers "Forever Female." Well, anyhow, she went off on a flying trip to Portland, Oregon—nice town, that—and when she landed at the airport, a Western Airlines hostess handed her a telegram from Paramount, which gave her the news that she was to hurry back to San Francisco and take off for Honolulu imme-



Marilyn Monroe fits perfectly into the beautiful scenery at Banff, Canada, where she's been on location for "River Of No Return," her second CinemaScope film.



diately. It was a birthday present for her from her studio, which is right proud of their new gal.

Sheilah Connolly, the gal who is such a dead ringer for Liz Taylor, had kind of bride-y glints in her eyes at the John Ericson-Milly Coury wedding. The reason—not Geary Steffen, as so many people figured, but the brilliant young photographer, Wally Seawell. Sheilah and Wally have been romancing for over a year so maybe something like marriage is not too far off for this attractive duo. John Ericson, by the way, is one of MGM's newest contract stars, but you'd never have known it at their wedding. For some reason, the studio didn't bother with the usual publicity fanfare. It was all right with the kids, though, who are quiet types. Their close friends, Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson, were in the bunch. Dick Clayton, former actor, was best man. **END**

## PRIVATE WIRE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

television debut in "As The Flame Dies," for Producer Irving Starr, will soon be seeing many of her early Hollywood films on TV—a package of her former screen hits is now being scheduled for release on the nation's channels beginning late in January—with the notable exception of "Street Scene" her first major triumph. We have a hunch the talented actress would prefer having that classic movie shown to TV audiences rather than most of the others . . .

Joan Crawford's decision to wait until she was fully convinced TV was for her, has paid off. Her video debut as the star of "Because I Love Him" for the Revlon Mirror Theatre was merely sensational. She'll head up her own production outfit—she'll produce, star and direct future telefilms, with direction her greatest ambition. TV will finally give her the opportunity of doing what Hollywood picture-making couldn't chance—billing as "Joan Crawford, Producer-Director" . . .

Remember Ralph Edwards' first "Mr. Hush" mystery voice contest?—and the subsequent "Mrs. Hush" and "The Walking Man" programs?—well, they're due for a revival on television if Ralph, the "Truth Or Consequences" originator can get a little support from his "This Is Your Life" audiences. Letters and postcards to Ralph Edwards at NBC-TV, N. Y. 20, N. Y., may do the trick. How about it fans? . . . This is a "Maggi's Private Wire" exclusive!

Red Skelton has his medicos worried again. He promised he'd stick to a cottage cheese diet—didn't. Vowed to cut down on the number of pratfalls heretofore used in his comedy routines, but won't. Red agreed to a long rest in the desert; his version of it was a two weeks' "in person" engagement at the Sahara in

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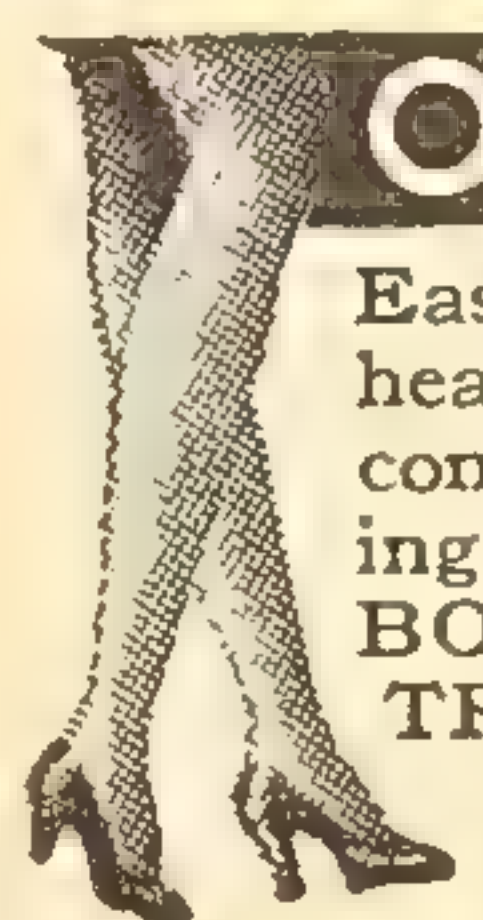
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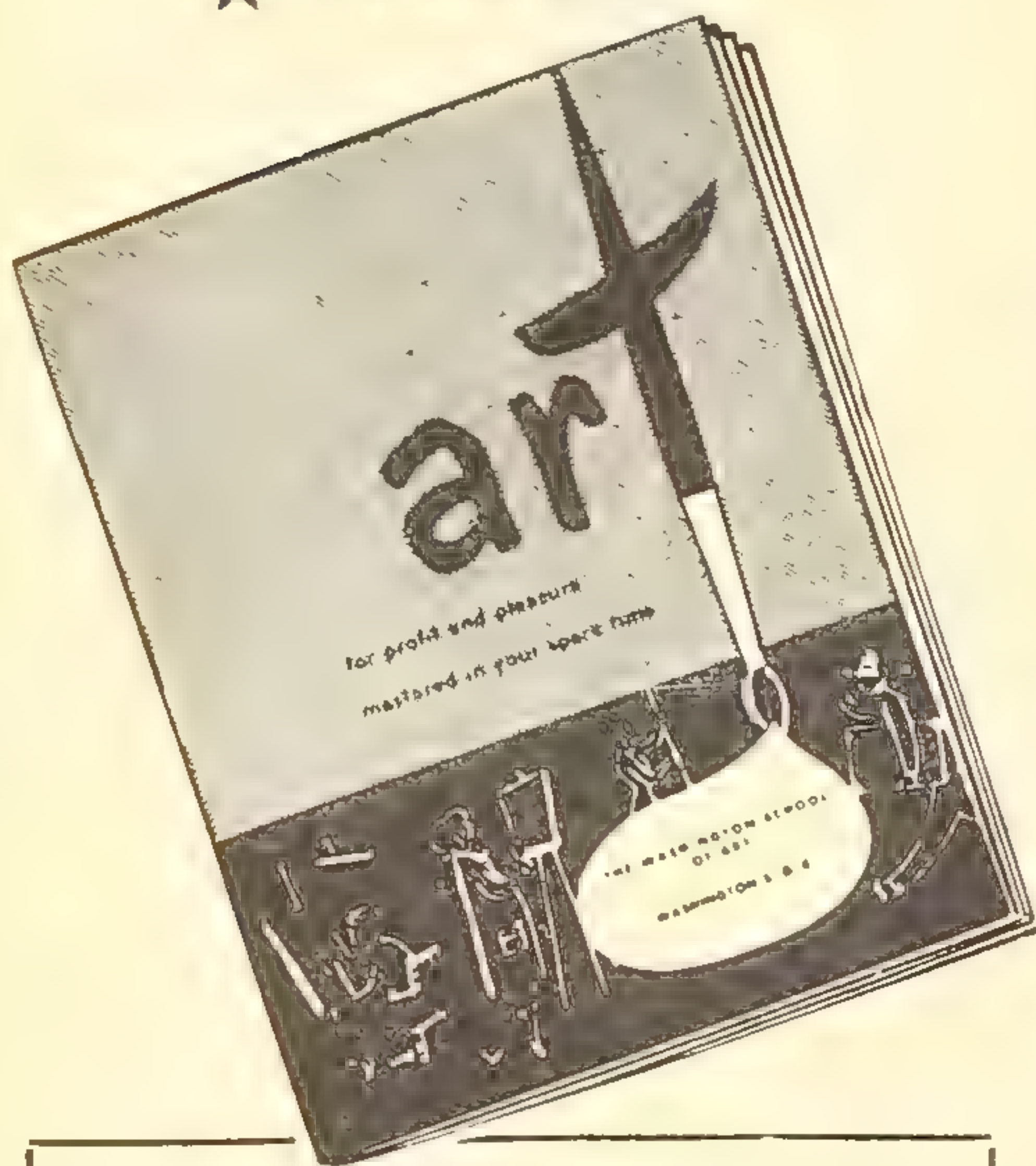




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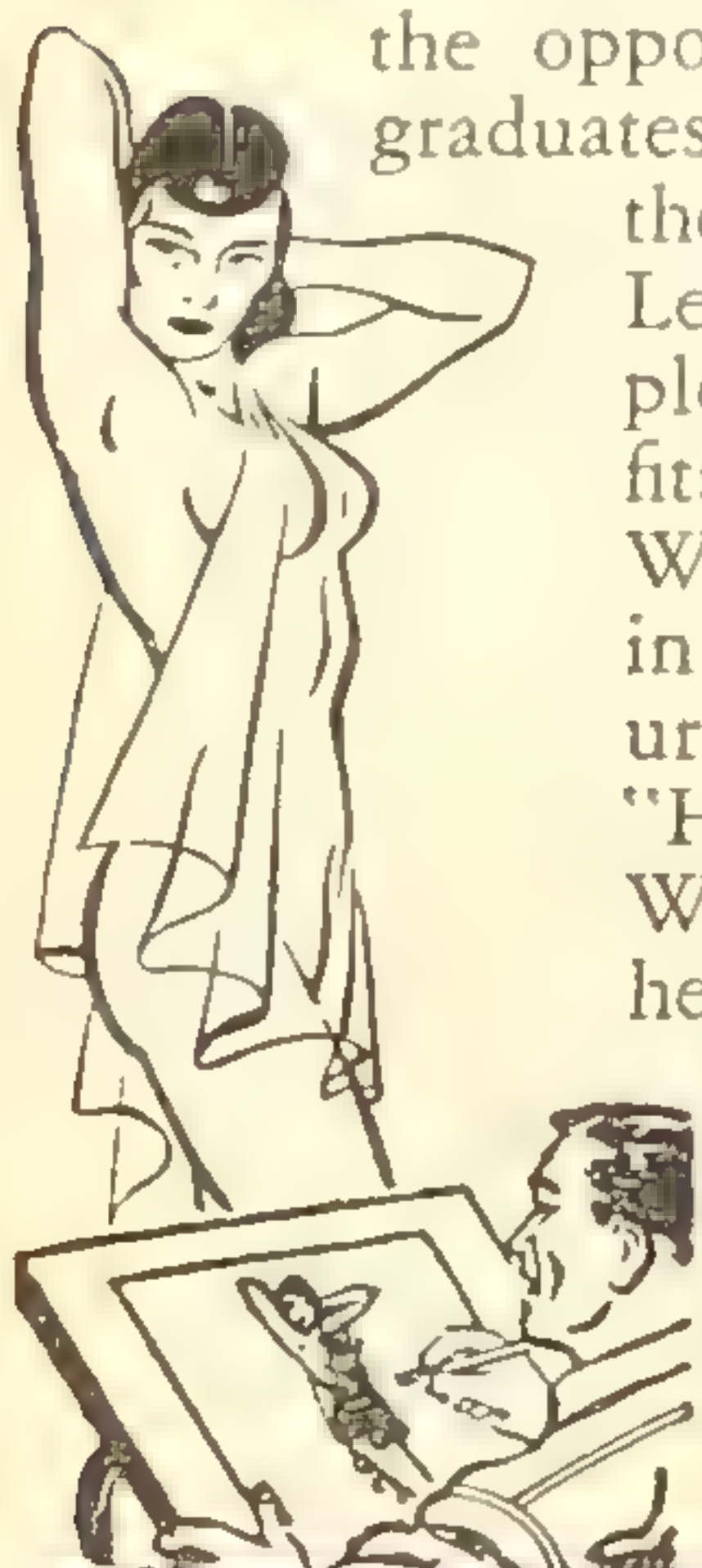


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Las Vegas. The only thing he did to please his doctors was to film a dozen of his 39 CBS-TV shows instead of doing them "live." If Red can keep up this pace, he'll star in his first independent movie, "Dear Warden," in a production set-up with actor John Wayne. If his diaphragmatic hernia doesn't creep back up on him, he'll get through 1953 without further medical attention—but his medical advisers are shaking their heads in doubt . . .

*Lu Ann Simms has started a charm bracelet—the first token she was given for it was the gift of Julius La Rosa, a solid gold "9," her lucky number . . .*

Some years ago when rehearsals began for a new Broadway revue, "Artists And Models," a very young, handsome dancer tried out for the chorus but was unable to get a placement in the show because he had auditioned, not unsuccessfully, but too late. His name then, and now, is Peter Birch. After having been featured in many notable New York stage musicals since, his own troupe is now offering dance divertissements twice-weekly on "The Jane Froman Show" as The Peter Birch Group. The star of "Artists And Models" was Jane Froman . . .

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have reservations for their 1954 European holiday—they'll leave New York for London on June 4th. After a two weeks personal

appearance at the famous Palladium, they will tour through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany and Italy for ten weeks . . .

*Eve Arden and Brooks West, another vacationing Mr. and Mrs. Twosome, have pencilled in a six weeks' vacation visit to South America next Summer—that's after Brooks takes a fling at hunting brown bear in the far reaches of Northwestern Alaska for three weeks without "Our Miss Brooks" . . .*

Arthur and Kathryn Murray will cheerfully part with a flat \$50,000 if Greta Garbo will agree to make a five-minute appearance on the Murray's TV show—the Garbo offer tops any ever made to a world famous celebrity . . .

For her TV debut on the "Jack Benny Show," Marilyn Monroe had ordered and paid for, in advance, an exclusive original dress. It was executed for her while she was out-of-town on a movie location. Upon her return to Hollywood she found she had lost five pounds and the dress required extensive alterations in the right places. The last-minute revisions were made at a cost of thirty-five dollars—or \$7.00 per Monroe pound . . .

Screen star Loretta Young's performance as a perfume salesgirl in the "Trial Run" segment of her "Letter To Loretta" telefilm series was very effective and for



a very good reason. Loretta spent half a day behind the perfume counter of I. Magnin's in Hollywood to absorb and observe the selling technique of the other sales ladies. Any time the screen star wishes to give up acting, there'll always be a job waiting for her at I. Magnin's at the perfume counter, of course. Loretta was responsible for record sales during her five-hour stint sniffing and selling the stuff to awe-struck customers who thought they were seeing things—a movie star on the wrong side of a department store counter! . . .

Ann Sothorn's Hollywood home is so stocked with secretarial supplies sent to her by manufacturers and fans who love her "Private Secretary" that she's tempted to sponsor the "Sothorn School for Secretaries" with pads, pencils and erasers on the house! Actually, charitable organizations are sent the unsolicited supplies which they in turn sell for much needed cash to continue their various worthwhile works.

Ray Milland dyed his hair from silvery-brown to dark brown for his "Meet Mr. McNutley" filmed series—his fans are undecided as to whether or not they like the switch. Some do, some don't. This corner doesn't. The talented, distinguished actor has dipped his locks because the video script required it. In time it is hoped his absent-mindedness as McNutley will gradually require premature gray streaks to appear in his sideburns. At that point, Ray can then go back to his natural tresses. Here's to it! . . .

Richard Denning and Barbara Britton, Jerry and Pamela North on the CBS-TV "Mr. And Mrs. North," accepted an invitation to dine at the Beverly Hills mansion of George Burns and Gracie Allen. An after-dinner film was run off in the Burns' private projection room and both Dick Denning and Babs Britton flipped. The Gracie Allen-George Burns entertainment afforded their guests was a movie called "Mr. And Mrs. North," which co-starred Gracie and William Post, Jr., eleven years ago. No one enjoyed seeing it more than the invited friends—it was Gracie with Dick and Babs neck-and-neck who laughed it up the most . . .

Gloria Swanson added so much glitter and glamour to "This Is Show Business" when she appeared as guest panelist, she was asked to repeat on three subsequent performances within the next four months—and her asking price for guesting goes up accordingly on that program and all others . . .

Dancers Marge and Gower Champion made a guest appearance with Marjorie Trumbull, San Francisco's First Lady of Television on KRON-TV, but had to talk and sing their way through the interview session. Marge had lost the heel of her shoe en route to the studio; Gower had forgotten their special dance music. With hostess Trumbull tapping out a

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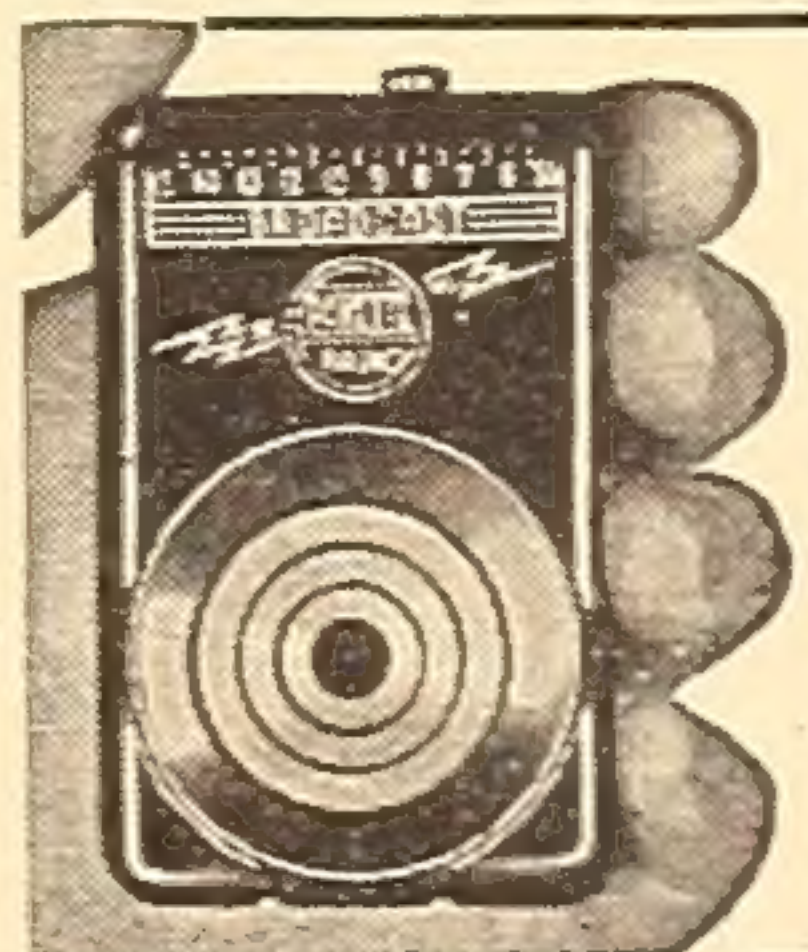
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rhythmic beat on the coffee table, the Champions ad libbed a "glad to be here" song routine that scored so sensationally with the Trumbull viewers, Marge and Gower intend to keep it "in the act"—whenever Marge loses a heel; Gower forgets the music, of course . . .

Three of Hollywood's handsomest silver-haired gentlemen are Bill ("Hopalong Cassidy") Boyd, Charlie ("My Little Margie") Farrell and Charlie Morrison, impresario of the famous Mocambo night club. With the first two, topflight TV stars, word now comes along that the MO's Charlie will take the plunge and spearhead a new video program emanating from the premises of his celebrated club. Both "Hoppy" and Margie's "father" have been encouraging Morrison to begin his TV chores early in January, and both have promised to be on hand for the initial telecast . . .

Imogene Coca's plans to go blonde for one week in-between "Your Show Of Shows" programs were squelched when her husband, ex-actor Bob Burton, firmly said "No!" As a gag he bought her a long, blonde, flowing pageboy wig for her to wear whenever the urge to be "blondie" takes over . . .

Despite the off-the-cuff flavor of the "Bob Crosby Show"—the afternoon musical jamboree starring the personable Bob Crosby—it's the toughest chore Bing's brother has had to date on TV. As head man of the session, he does solos and duets, clowns with his musicians, tells stories, introduces guests from the audience and in general is responsible for the gaiety and youthfulness associated with the telecast. The only afternoon he almost "threw the show" was when twenty-four friends at-

tended and sat out front wearing life-like rubber masks of brother Bing. Bob had been told his famous brother might turn up and he concentrated on some very special dialogue with which to surprise Bing. He was speechless when he faced the two dozen Bing-like faces in the studio. Troupers to the end however, he recovered rapidly and breezed through the show without fluffing and so completely ignored the contrived gagsters, they were finally forced to remove the rubber masks after perspiring through same for almost thirty minutes. It wasn't until the program was over that Bob found out it was a gag concocted by Brother Bing who was sitting at home in luxury watching the "Bob Crosby Show." Bob fooled Bing by not breaking up and it's their favorite story these days in Hollywood . . .

The change in the famed "Original Amateur Hour" telephone number—from LUxemburg 2-3100 to PLaza 7-4100—has wrought many changes in the lives of the thousands of Ted Mack fans who each week in the past have telephoned their votes in for favorite amateurs seen on the telecast. Femme fans of Ted's whose bracelet charms have been inscribed with the old number, have kept their local jewelers busy engraving the switch; hand-painted ties worn throughout the country by thousands of Ted's male fans, have had to be discarded for newer, more up-to-date cravats insofar as the first phone number was always emblazoned across their four-in-hands, and those big, bold, splashy prints can't be altered. The Ted Mack fan club stationery, monthly newsletters, magazines and other fan club brochures and mailing pieces have all had to be corrected with the new change. The most disappointed fan of all, Bert

Rosenberg of Reseda, California, had to abandon the four months work he devoted, in his spare time, to hand-chiseling LUxemburg 2-3100, into the side of a large boulder high atop the Pacific Palisades near Santa Monica. With about another weeks' work left before his monumental task was to be finished, young Rosenberg got news of the new phone number. He's had to begin all over again at another near-by boulder. How's that for loyalty?

The day Lynn Loring, nine-year-old star of CBS-TV's "Search For Tomorrow," received a medallion and a letter of thanks from the American Medical Association for her work in the AMA documentary series, "Medicine, U.S.A.," she wasn't available for comment. She had played a little girl patient in the series and that's precisely what she was the very moment her award was being sent to her house—a patient in bed under the family doctor's care. A combination of ice cream, green apples and warm soda pop having caused her indisposition this day of days . . .

Art Linkletter, host of "Art Linkletter's House Party" has officially interviewed more than 20,000 children during his long career on the air—having five youngsters of his own, ranging in age from four to sixteen, he's no novice at understanding adolescents—he believes orphaned children are the least inhibited and most talkative . . .

Laurie Anders may like the wi-i- -i-de open spaces on the Ken Murray show, but she also favors very high heels on her more than 150 pairs of day and nighttime footgear. Her favorite pair of black patent leather pumps were the gift of Lana Turner who had them made (size 3½) for Laurie in Madrid, Spain. The heels are 6 inches and have removable leather clamps which can be added whenever Laurie wishes to be 2" taller still. Either way, 6 or 8 inch heels couldn't be topped even by Laurie Anders for more than an hour—not in the wi-i-i-de open spaces . . .

Up-and-coming comedian Joel Grey has now entered the sweepstakes in the race to see who will star in a special TV show based on the life and times of Irving Berlin, the songwriter. To date, Eddie Fisher had the inside track. Despite Berlin's insistence that a motion picture based on his career can never be made while he's alive, he's given the nod to a special TV program which would utilize the talents of a younger man. This one-time shot as the star of "The Irving Berlin Story" would certainly establish Joel Grey as a new TV personality—and wouldn't that be some pretty keen competition for Eddie Fisher fans to have to face . . .

END

Hear and see Maggi on her own program, "Maggi's Private Wire," Monday through Friday over WABC and WABC-TV, New York. See Maggi on "Leave It To The Girls" at 7:30-8 P.M. E.S.T. Saturdays over ABC-TV.



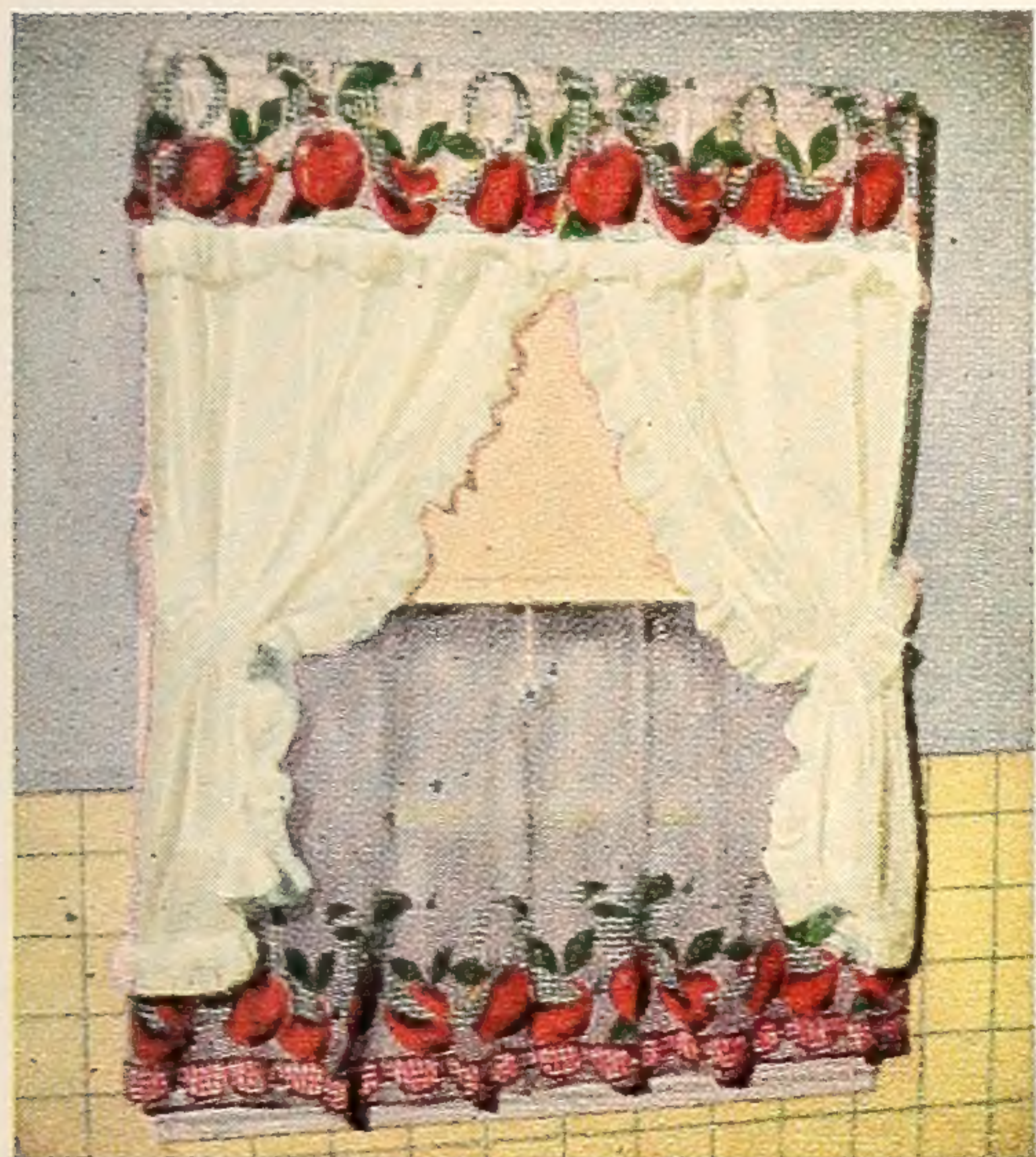
Robert Wagner is visited by his mother and father in his dressing room between scenes of his latest film, 20th's CinemaScope Technicolor "Prince Valiant."



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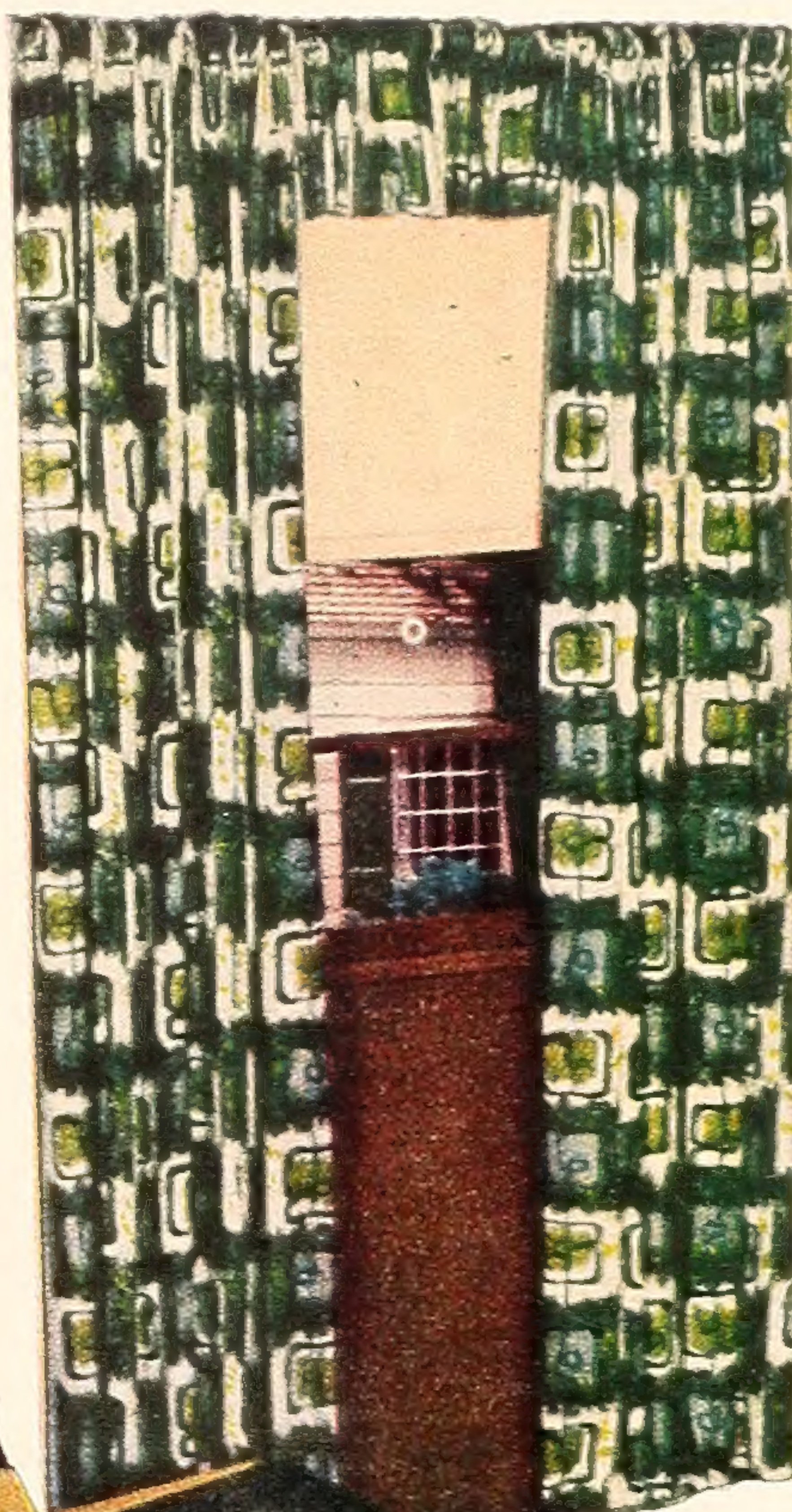
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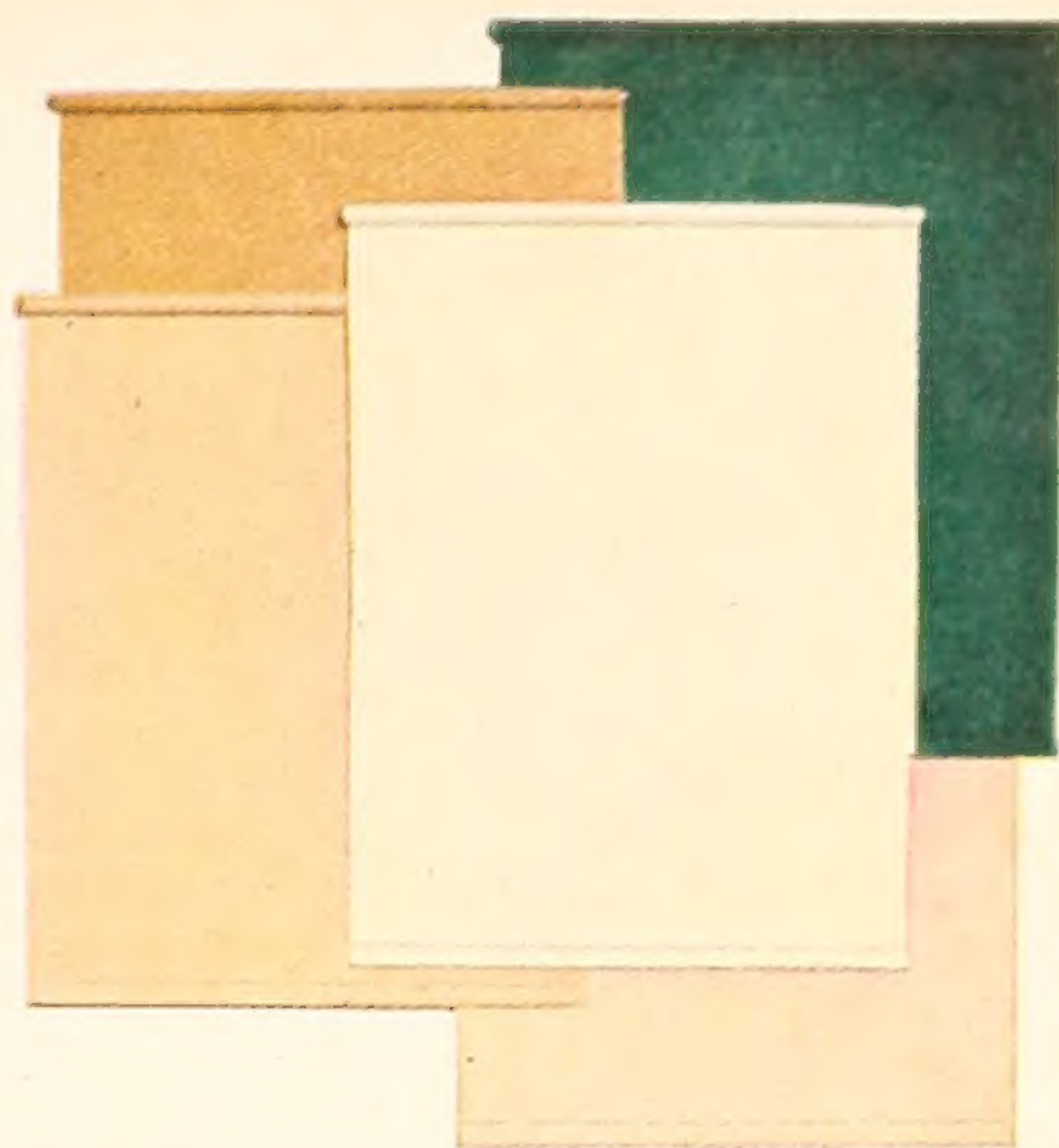
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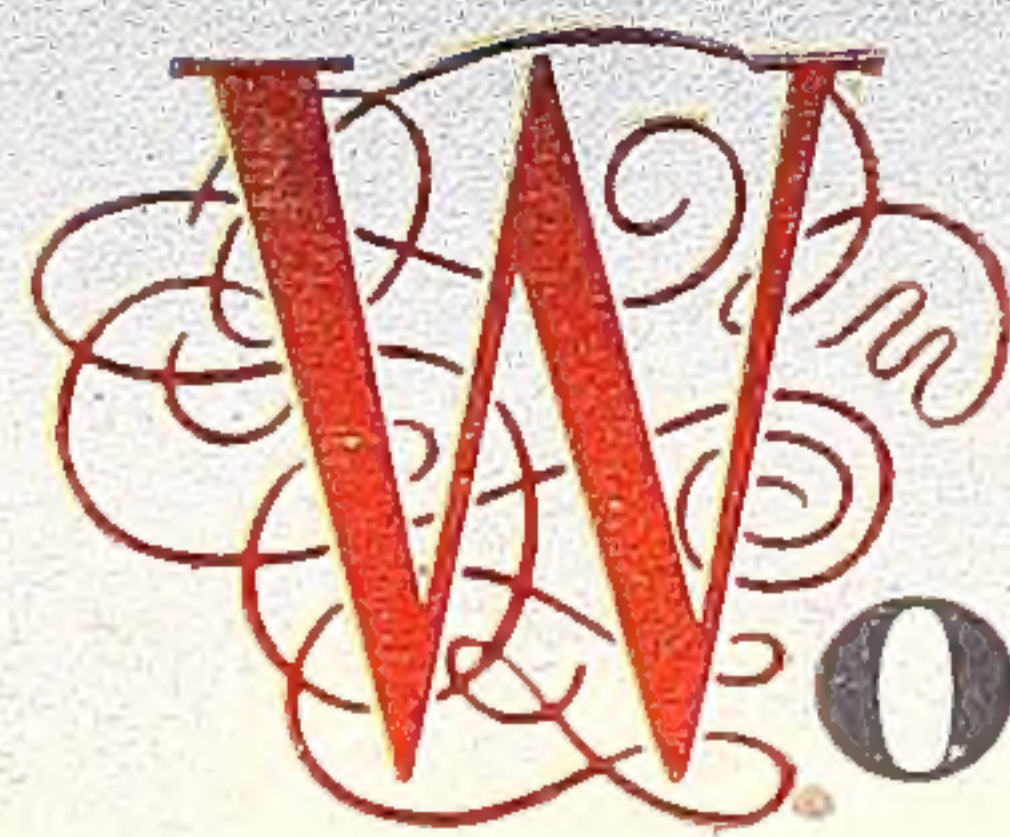
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